

# The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



The harbour, Trieste (see page 619)

**In this number:**

- Ships of the Soviet (Commander Anthony Courtney)**  
**British Guiana: A New Problem for Britain (Vernon Bartlett)**  
**Lord Milner and General Smuts (Lord Brand)**





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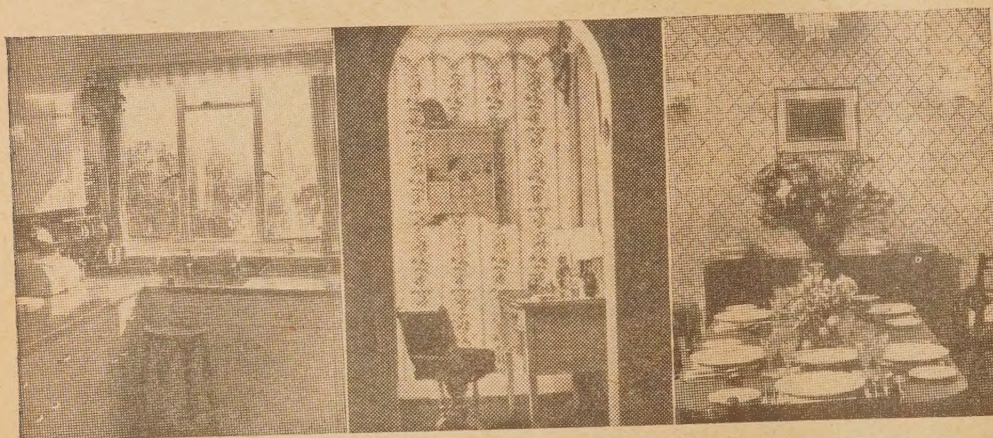
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# The Listener

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## What Trieste Means to Italy

By **GIORGIO BORSA**

**M**ISTRUST of political parties is rooted in the Italian character. Most Italians would share Pope's view that party is the madness of many for the gain of a few. This peculiar attitude, which incidentally explains a good deal of Italy's recent history, also accounts, I believe, for the popularity enjoyed by the present Government.

After the general election last June, in which the coalition of Christian Democrats, Democratic Socialists, Republicans, and Liberals, failed to win the majority-prize allotted by the electoral law, the task of forming a government revealed itself as being very complicated. Attempts by Signor de Gasperi, and by his lieutenant, Signor Piccioni, to patch up the coalition, basing it on the reduced majority that it still held in both chambers, failed because of Democratic Socialist reluctance. To broaden it by including the Nenni-Socialists on the left, or the Monarchists on the right, might have caused, at the time, a split, not only inside the coalition, but also among the Christian Democrats themselves.

Signor Pella was thus entrusted with forming a caretaker government with the limited task of pressing through some urgent legislation, including the budget. This made him appear as an expert technician rather than as the representative of the Christian Democratic Party to which he belongs, and was a point in his favour. Once in office Signor Pella won more popularity by ostensibly relying for support on parliament and on public opinion rather than on the party machine. His term of office is therefore likely to go beyond the caretaker stage; but what political line he will eventually take remains to be seen.

Signor Pella himself is a self-made man, coming of humble

Piedmontese stock. As a Treasury and Budget Minister in past governments he successfully defended the lira, and with it the interests of the middle classes and the workers, from attempts by the industrialists to force inflationary measures. The economic and social programme his Government has adopted appears acceptable to the moderate left, but its members belong to a centre party—they are all Christian Democrats, except two no-party technicians—and they have actually been voted into office with the support of the right.

This is the paradox of the Pella Government. My opinion is that it will turn out a moderate conservative government, of the type formed by M. Pinay in France, with a pronounced nationalistic tendency. But we shall soon see, for Signor Pella will be confronted before long with vital issues: mass dismissals in some sectors of industry, particularly iron and steel, and demands for wage increases, are causing growing labour unrest. The reports of two parliamentary commissions appointed under the past legislature to enquire into poverty and unemployment are waiting to be discussed. There are, in Italy, about 1,400,000 workers permanently unemployed. Many more are under-employed. Nearly 3,000,000 were found by the commission to be working less than forty hours a week; 258,000, less than fifteen hours. About one half of those working on the land were classified as under-employed. The living standard of more than 1,300,000 Italian families, that is eleven per cent. was described as 'very low'. Of these, more than 1,100,000 are to be found in the south and in Sicily and Sardinia. Here, for every working man, there are two more who must be supported by him.



Hand-to-mouth relief measures are clearly of no use in curing these evils; a bold, long-term policy is needed. Italy's depressed areas must be developed, the standard of living of her peasants raised, the purchasing power of the population as a whole increased. Only then will it be possible to expand industry and to create new opportunities for work.

A good start has been made by the past government with the Cassa del Mezzogiorno—a twelve-years' programme, now in its third year, for spending in the south over 1,100,000,000 lire a year on industrial and agricultural schemes. Signor Pella's Government will be judged by its capacity to carry through successfully and to enlarge the scope of such plans—and also by the results of its diplomatic action over Trieste. Trieste is a sore, highly controversial subject and I will make no attempt to probe into it; I will merely try to explain frankly the reactions of Italian public opinion over it.

### Sentimental Value

I wish to stress two particular points: one is the tremendous sentimental value the Italians of all shades of opinion attach to Trieste. Exploitation of the Trieste issue by right-wing extremists is apt to create the impression abroad that behind the Italian claims there is only nationalistic frenzy and a Fascist revival. Nothing could be more misleading. The neo-Fascists are, of course, very vociferous about Trieste, but how could the Italians take them seriously as the champions of national integrity, knowing, as they do, that Fascism is mainly responsible if such integrity is now threatened? The feelings of a great majority of Italian people over Trieste have nothing to do with Fascism. They are much more deeply rooted: they are a legacy of Italian nineteenth-century nationalism, that British Liberals like Gladstone admired and supported.

The reunion of Trieste with Italy in 1918 was the last achievement of the Risorgimento, not a step on the road to Mussolini's empire. The loss of that empire the Italians withstood as the natural outcome of the defeat of Fascism. But to renounce Trieste would be like undoing the work of Garibaldi, Mazzini, Cavour; and that, in Mr. Eden's words, the Italians 'just feel it in their bones' they cannot do.

Trieste has also become a test case by which the pro-western foreign policy pursued by such democratic statesmen as Count Sforza and Signor de Gasperi is being judged by the people. What most Italians are saying to themselves is roughly this: when the peace treaty was being discussed, Britain, France, and the United States proposed that Trieste and a part of Istria should be left to Italy. It was in face of Russian opposition that the Free Territory was set up as a compromise solution. Italy was then a defeated foe. Since then, she has worked her passage back; she has given ready and active support to all schemes of western co-operation. She has become a member of the great western alliance. Now that the solution—devised by the allies and not by Italy for Trieste—has proved unworkable, and a new solution has to be found, Italy is entitled to her allies' support, considering—so the argument runs—that they had recognised her claims as valid when they were not Italy's allies but her conquerors.

Support came, in fact, in the form of the three-Power declaration. But this was followed by the break between Marshal Tito and the Cominform. The Italians began to feel that they would be called to pay the price for Yugoslavia's co-operation with the west. American military aid to Belgrade; Marshal Tito's invitation to London; the number of British personalities visiting Yugoslavia; the allies' insistence upon direct negotiations, caused the Italian anxiety to grow. The noncommittal attitude taken by Great Britain, the United States, and France was resented. It was felt that direct negotiations could lead to no acceptable solution without allied diplomatic backing, for Yugoslavia—being unlike Italy in possession of one part of the contested territory—was in a stronger bargaining position.

Marshal Tito's request for the incorporation of the whole of the Free Territory into Yugoslavia, and for the internationalisation of Trieste, was taken here as a confirmation of this. And the Italian Prime Minister's proposals to hold a referendum, with guarantees such as to neutralise the effect of Fascist de-nationalisation policy after 1918, met with approval by all parties. The Communists, too, although they made some reservations, in principle accepted the referendum.

Of course, reasoning Italians cannot ignore that the allies themselves are in an awkward position, and that their attitude is dictated by the superior interest of western strategy. Unfortunately, though it is true that national aspirations should be sacrificed for the common good, the argument does not sound so convincing to those from whom the sacrifice is required. I am sure that this is what you felt in Britain, when hasty critics abroad complained that by defending your legitimate interests in Persia and in Egypt, or by not joining in European integration, you were endangering the security of the western world; and that the French feel much the same when they are told that they should not make economic integration of the Saar into France a condition for accepting the European Defence Community.

There has been some talk lately of an Allied plan for Trieste\*. This would include as a first fact the transfer of Zone A to Italian civil administration. There is a danger that any such step might lead to partition on the present lines, without the ethnic adjustments that would make it acceptable. But it would have the great advantage of fully restoring Italian confidence in her allies and of answering effectively Communist and Fascist propaganda. The Fascists and the Communists go on repeating that the allies have sold Italy down the river and that this is the result of her subservience to them. Both would be exultant if frustration over Trieste should induce the Italian Government to revise its foreign policy.

### Obscure Words

Does such a possibility exist? Signor Pella, in his Rome speech of September 13, in which he put forward the proposal for a referendum, said that if justice was not rendered to Italy, her parliament and Government would know how to interpret the country's interest and the people's will. These obscure words caused much speculation. In winding up the recent debate on foreign affairs in the Lower Chamber, Signor Pella, however, made it clear that all talk of a withdrawal from the Atlantic Pact is sheer nonsense. What I think he had in mind, and what the Italian parliament could do, would be to make ratification of the European Defence Community Treaty dependent on the solution of the Trieste question, which might wreck the whole scheme.

I am convinced that this can be avoided, and hope it will be, for as an Italian I share my countrymen's concern over Trieste, but as a European and as one who values freedom above all things, I feel no less concern over western solidarity.—*Home Service*

## The B.B.C. Quarterly

THE AUTUMN NUMBER of *The B.B.C. Quarterly* (Vol. VIII, No. 3) has now been published. It contains the following articles: 'A Plea for Sound', by Louis MacNeice; 'Producing Discussions for Broadcasting', by Edgar Lustgarten; 'Broadcasting and Mass Society', by Peter Laslett; 'The Nature of the Television Play', by Noel Langley; 'Poetry on the Air', by Bonamy Dobrée; 'Some Problems of Broadcast Musical Entertainment', by Hubert Clifford, and 'The Third Programme and Its Market', by Robert Silvey. Technical articles by members of the B.B.C. engineering staff are: 'Interference to Television via Sporadic E on May 17, 1953', by T. W. Bennington, and 'A Determination of Subjective White under Four Conditions of Adaptation', by W. N. Sproson. *The B.B.C. Quarterly* costs 2s. 6d. and may be obtained from the B.B.C. Publications Department, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or from the usual newsgagents.

\* This talk was recorded direct from Milan, just before the Anglo-American announcement of the abolition of military government in Trieste and the withdrawal of troops from the Free Territory



# Ships of the Soviet

By Commander ANTHONY COURTNEY

SOME weeks ago it was reported that a Soviet heavy cruiser of the 'Sverdlov' class had been sighted leaving the Baltic via the Great Belt. This report naturally caused considerable interest, but such is the secrecy with which the Russians veil everything to do with their armed forces that we know neither the name of this ship nor her eventual destination.

We are too conscious of our naval history and maritime traditions here in England not to take a personal interest in the developing naval power of other nations. This is at least partly due to the fact that, since the days of the first Queen Elizabeth it has happened that in almost every case such sea-power has been sooner or later turned against us. So when the First Lord of the Admiralty gives us a pointer concerning one particular foreign navy, as he did this year in the debate on the naval estimates, British public interest is quickly aroused. And the sight of a powerful new Soviet cruiser at Spithead last June has made us even more aware of a rapidly expanding modern Russian Navy—about which, owing to the Soviet passion for secrecy, we do not know as much as we should like.

But before I start discussing what we do know, it is rather important to consider the differences between ourselves and the Russians which affect the way in which we treat the whole problem of sea-power. We are an island people with a temperate climate which in the course of centuries has enabled us to gain a pretty fair knowledge of the sea and its ways. By contrast, think of Russia as you see it on the map, a vast, sprawling continent spreading from Europe right across Asia, a country with land frontiers of immense length, and only one long sea frontier, which faces the inhospitable Arctic. Until 250 years ago Russia's only seaport was at Archangel, which freezes up for six months in the year, and at that time Russia had no navy and scarcely a single ocean-going ship worthy of the name. Modern Russia still suffers from handicaps dating from those land-locked days. For instance, the capital is once again at Moscow, hundreds of miles from the sea, where the Soviet Admiralty has to do its best for the Russian Navy among the politicians and bureaucrats of an essentially continental race. In Moscow during the war we often felt rather sorry for the Soviet admirals, struggling to keep their end up in a capital whose great warlike traditions are almost entirely woven round the Russian Army.

To give one example of their difficulties in peace-time, Soviet Navy Day is celebrated by staging various nautical evolutions on a stretch of canal water lying about an hour's run outside Moscow. It is rather as if our own Board of Admiralty had been denied the use of Spithead and obliged to organise the Coronation Review at Henley-on-Thames.

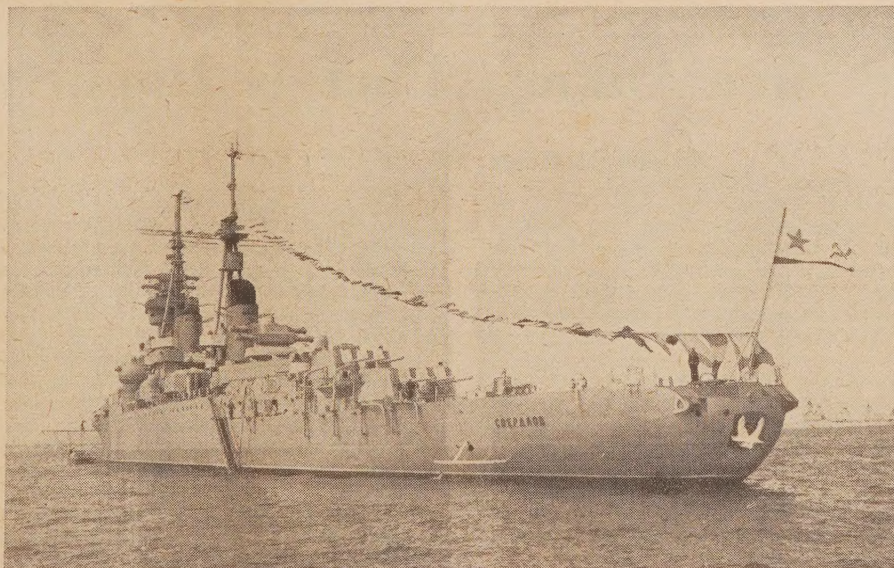
Now let us consider the strategical setting within which the Minister of the Navy, Admiral Kuznetsov, and the naval component of the Soviet General Staff plan to make the most effective use of Russian sea-power. First of all, the Soviet main fleets must operate in four widely

separated areas, each of which is exposed to considerable geographical and climatic disadvantages. With one limited exception none of these areas can reinforce another in case of need except by passing through water controlled by foreign powers. The main warship-building yards and the best fleet repairing facilities are at Leningrad, and the Soviet Baltic Fleet now has an advanced, ice-free base at Pillau, in what was formerly East Prussia. But the Gulf of Finland is still closed by ice for five months in the year, and the Stalin Canal which joins Leningrad with the White Sea, even when not itself frozen, cannot take anything larger than a small destroyer. In the Arctic the expanding Northern Fleet has ice-free bases in the Kola Inlet. But the Kola ports lie at the end of a long and exposed line of railway, while the great new naval dockyard at Molotovsk in the White Sea is iced up, like Archangel, for many months in the year. In the south, the Black Sea is of special concern, for here the Soviet coastline is fringed by non-Russian nationalities whose loyalty to Moscow has sometimes been in doubt, and the eastern shore lies close to the most important oilfields in the U.S.S.R. The narrow entrance to the Black Sea is firmly in Turkish hands, and the heavy ships of the Black Sea Squadron are still isolated from the other three main fleets.

Further east, in addition to the main port of Vladivostok, the Russians have bases at Soviet Harbour and in Kamchatka. They have also built a remarkable warship-building yard 200 miles up the river Amur, where the hulls of 'Kirov' class cruisers have been constructed and floated downstream for completion at the coast. But here, too, the Pacific Fleet is handicapped by fog and ice during the winter, and the whole length of the Trans-Siberian railway lies between it and the arsenals of western



Soviet seaman on guard on the quarterdeck of the *Sverdlov*, the Russian cruiser, seen below at Spithead when she visited this country for the Coronation naval review in June





Russia. A northern sea route, however, has been opened along the Arctic shores of Russia, and now links the Northern and Pacific Fleets for a short period each year.

With this strategic picture in mind we are better able to estimate the strength of the Soviet Navy, which seems so very great when considered simply in numbers of ships. In the first place, Russia's Fleet includes neither aircraft-carriers nor a single modern battleship. This at once puts her navy in a different category from those of other major powers. For without aircraft-carriers to provide a fighter umbrella, no Soviet squadron is likely in the foreseeable future to operate outside the effective range of Russian shore-based aircraft. It follows that a large part of the Soviet surface forces can be classified broadly as 'defensive'. For example, the Russians possess over 100 modern destroyers, very fast, hard-hitting types of ship, and there are still in existence about eight cruisers of the original 'Kirov' class mounting 7.1-inch guns. Shortly before the war a larger type of cruiser known as the 'Chapaev' class was laid down, but the Germans invaded Russia when these ships were still building and the hulls which were on the stocks in the Black Sea yards were captured and destroyed. All building in the west came to a halt, but four of these cruisers are believed to have been completed subsequently, and two of them, the *Chapaev* and the *Zhelyeznyakov*, are with the Northern Fleet. But none of these ships, powerfully armed though they are, has been designed with large enough fuel capacity to enable it to range very far afield. The *Sverdlov*, however, which we saw at Spithead in June, represents a new departure in Russian warship construction. She is a big ship, much bigger than the 'Kirovs' or the 'Chapaevs', and a number of this class are thought to be building or completing in Soviet yards.

The *Sverdlov* mounts twelve six-inch guns, and her heavy Italian-type rangefinders indicate that the Russian Navy relies on optical methods rather than on the more modern use of radar. But it is curious that with her greater displacement she is still not able to carry a main armament heavier than that in the 'Chapaevs'. The probable answer is that the *Sverdlov* has been given extra fuel capacity and therefore a much greater radius of action than has hitherto been thought necessary. It follows that these new cruisers are intended for employment in northern waters or in the Far East, and with access to the oceans of the world their potential value as commerce-raiders is clearly great.

We know that the Russians have a submarine fleet of over 350 boats of all types. But nearly all of them are of pre-war design, and roughly a quarter are of obsolescent types which, while excellent for training purposes, are scarcely capable of being employed on serious operations. Of the rest, the majority cannot operate very far afield—they have not the endurance—though they could be pretty effective nearer home. But the real offensive strength of the Soviet undersea fleet lies in the large, ocean-going submarines of the 'K' and 'S' classes, for these boats have an endurance of 10,000 miles and upwards, which can carry them as far as the Atlantic. What is much more important is the

improvement in Russian long-range submarine design which must have taken place during the last seven years. By the end of the war, the Germans had built U-boats with underwater speeds of the order of sixteen knots, and were well on the way to producing a revolutionary new type of so-called 'true submarine'. This was the 'Walter' boat, designed for a speed when dived of as much as twenty-five knots. After the surrender of Germany much of this valuable spadework became available to the Allies, and the probability is that improved types are now in quantity production in the Soviet Union.

It is an interesting fact that the great majority of Russian war vessels are fitted for minelaying, and I think that this has led some to suppose that the Russians are particularly expert in 'offensive' minelaying, in the way, for example, that the Germans deployed their new magnetic mines in the last war. But the history of the Russo-Japanese war and of two world wars scarcely supports this view, for it was the practice of Russian fleets in all these cases to retire behind defensive minefields, as part of their coast defences, when faced by superior forces. The one dramatic exception was when the Russian Baltic Squadron was annihilated by the Japanese in 1905 at the Battle of Tsushima. In naval weapons generally it is accepted that the Russians are pretty well up to date, for since the end of the war they have reaped the benefit of much German experience. But in electronics, more particularly in radar, I think it is fair to say that they lag well behind us and the Americans.

So much for the *matériel*. The picture is a formidable one, even after due allowance has been made for Russia's natural handicaps. There remains the even more important question of personnel.

There can be no question about the magnificent fighting qualities of Russian sailors. In 1801, Lord Nelson put his finger on this point as well as on the main Russian weakness when he wrote: 'Close with a Frenchman or a Spaniard—but outmanoeuvre a Russian'. The icing-up of many Russian bases is a perennial handicap to Soviet naval training programmes, and this in turn must affect the shore-based Soviet Naval Air Force, which, it is interesting to note, uses army rank. As for the officers, I do not believe that there is a Soviet admiral now serving who has commanded a squadron of major war vessels at sea in the presence of the enemy. The Russians lack naval fighting experience, and this is the legacy of 1941, when the Baltic and Black Sea Fleets were immobilised by the rapid German advance, and thousands of Russian sailors were sent away from their ships to fight on shore. Finally, the close political control exercised from Moscow is hardly an encouragement to the use of initiative by Soviet naval commanders.

To sum up, there is no doubt about the great efforts which Russia is making to build a modern, ocean-going navy. Her fleet is numerically formidable, and her seamen come from a fine fighting stock. But she is primarily a great continental power, and she still suffers from those geographical, climatic, and political disadvantages which have always stood in the way of her maritime ambitions.—*Home Service*

## Why the Ankara Pact is Important

By BICKHAM SWEET-ESCOTT

THE present Lord Salisbury's grandfather used to say that if you believe the doctors nothing is wholesome, if you believe the theologians nothing is innocent, and if you believe the soldiers nothing is safe. He might have added that if you believe the diplomats nothing is settled, but I suppose that being a diplomat himself, as well as a very great prime minister, that never occurred to him.

It is now two years since the soldiers and diplomats of the west reached agreement on Nato. They have ever since been working to obtain agreement on the E.D.C. and, though rather less hopefully, on a Middle East defence pact. It is on these two aspects of western defence that public attention has chiefly been concentrated. A third aspect, which has not received much attention in this country, is the recent pact between Greece, Turkey, and Yugoslavia. In my opinion this agreement is of great importance, not only in itself but in its relation to the great unsolved problem of Middle Eastern defence.

Both Greece and Turkey (and for that matter Yugoslavia) have been receiving military and economic support from the west in large quantities since the war—first mainly from us and, since the Truman doctrine was announced in 1947, from the Americans. It was therefore not surprising that in the autumn of 1951 Greece and Turkey were admitted to membership of Nato. In the meantime, relations between Yugoslavia and Greece had improved very notably. Tito's break with Stalin in 1948 was mainly responsible for this, of course, but Russia's declared intention of creating an independent Macedonian state had a great deal to do with it, too. Russia's plan meant carving a large slice out of southern Yugoslavia and northern Greece, and naturally this idea was not popular in either country. So whereas in 1948 Tito was still helping the Greek communists to fight the Greek government on Greek soil, by 1952 you actually had talks taking place about a mutual defence pact. These discussions ended in the signing of a full-dress agreement in Ankara last February in which all three countries



agreed to consult together and, what was much more important, to arrange that their general staffs should 'examine together questions affecting the security of the three countries'. Above all, it was made clear that any other countries which chose to do so might join the pact.

It is not the first time that something like this has been tried. In 1934, for instance, there was a similar agreement between the three countries I have mentioned and Rumania, whereby each of the four countries agreed to guarantee the others' frontiers. In the event, the Yugoslav and Greek frontiers were violated in the last war by the Axis, and Turkey and Rumania were not able to do much about their guarantee. No doubt when the agreement of 1934 was signed the soldiers observed, in Lord Salisbury's words, that nothing was safe, and as it turned out they were right. All the same, it does not follow that because the pact of 1934 was a failure, the Ankara pact of 1953 will be a failure too, and it is worth while, I think, to take a look at the contribution these countries can make to western defence.

### Land Army of 750,000

To begin with, these three countries have together a population of 44,000,000—about the same as England and Wales. Between them, they can put into the field a land army of perhaps 750,000 men. Both the Greeks and the Turks have been equipped and trained by the British and Americans, and their contingents gave an excellent account of themselves in Korea. We know less about the Yugoslav army. Its collapse in 1941 was partly due to poor morale, and this arose mainly from differences between the Serbs and the Croats. These differences still persist, and it is possible that morale may not be improved by over-hasty collectivisation and interference with religious liberties. On the other hand, Tito's partisans fought magnificently in the tangled mountains of Croatia and Bosnia and Montenegro during the last war, and the financial aid Tito has been receiving from this country, from the United States, and from France since 1948 must have improved their equipment.

The regular forces of these countries would certainly fight well if attacked. But the importance of the Ankara pact does not begin and end with the contribution which their regular armies might make to western defence. It is true that in April, 1941, the German Panzer divisions finished off the Yugoslav and Greek armies, to say nothing of the Commonwealth forces hurriedly put into Greece by General Wilson, in just over three weeks. But it was an expensive victory, for during the next three years guerrilla activities by the resistance in Serbia and Croatia and the Pindus immobilised over thirty Axis divisions which were urgently needed elsewhere. The Greeks and the Yugoslavs have an unequalled experience of this type of warfare, so it would be wrong to say that if the regular land forces of the three countries were defeated in the field they could no longer help in the defence of the west. On the sea and in the air the direct contribution they could make is small, but the bases they could provide for navies and air forces of the west are of the highest importance; for instance, Kotor in the Adriatic, in Greek waters Argostoli—what is left of it after the earthquake—Suda Bay and Rhodes, and in Turkey Ismit in the Sea of Marmora and Smyrna. In the Danubian plain, in Thessaly, and around Adana in south-eastern Anatolia there are areas which could be developed into important airfields and landing grounds, and a great deal of work is being done on this in Greece and Turkey by the American military missions.

One of the main points at which the Ankara pact of 1953 differs from the pact of 1934 is that the earlier arrangement did not have the backing of any of the Great Powers, whereas in 1953 Greece and Turkey are at any rate members of Nato and so have Nato's support. But Yugoslavia is not a member of Nato: indeed, Tito has made it perfectly clear that he does not intend to join it. One reason for this is the dispute between Italy and Yugoslavia over Trieste, another reason is perhaps that it is a gesture of independence from the west which gives him a prestige value in the Balkans; but, whatever the reason, the result is that planning and co-ordination must be giving the General Staffs of the three countries and of Nato a number of headaches. The logical answer must surely be that Yugoslavia should become a member of Nato, but logic and politics are not the same thing.

Those are the facts. It is of course anybody's guess where they lead us, but for what it is worth I personally think there are some things it is safe to say about them, though I should warn you frankly that the rest of this talk is going to be a little speculative.

Lord Salisbury's soldiers could certainly pick many holes in the

Ankara pact, but the point of his remark was that the experts will always pick holes somewhere. You have to recognise that it is the first formal agreement of its sort entered into by Yugoslavia with any country outside the Iron Curtain, and as such it is surely a step in the right direction. The Ankara pact has certainly stopped one of the gaps in the system of western defence, but to my mind this merely concentrates the limelight on its many other gaps, notably in the Middle East.

At present the eastern end of the system, consisting of Turkey, is a salient, surrounded as it is by the Black Sea and the Caucasus to the north and east. To the south you have the Mesopotamian plain and the countries of the Middle East, and for that matter the whole of Arab North Africa, all entirely outside the system. The Arab countries in the Middle East during the past few weeks have formed an Arab collective security pact, it is true, but up to the present they will have nothing whatever to do with the defensive arrangements of Nato and the Ankara pact; and until they do, no common plan can usefully be made to deal with a drive towards the Mediterranean from the Caspian area. The reason why they have kept themselves out of all this is of course the several disputes they have with the west: the Anglo-Egyptian brawl over Egyptian sovereignty in the Canal zone, the question of Persian oil, and, above all, the never-to-be-forgotten bitterness of the Arabs aroused by British—and particularly American views on Israel.

Turkey is not an Arab country, but she is a Moslem country, and the Arab states of the Middle East follow developments in Turkey with the closest interest. After all, they all at one time belonged to the Ottoman Empire themselves, and even today many of their leading men are of Turkish origin; and the Turkish part in the arrangements I have been discussing is crucial. As I said, the Ankara pact is open to any country which wishes to join it. You may think that is just a meaningless phrase, but it could be of vital importance. It would, for instance, be the wildest optimism to suggest that this particular clause would at present be of much interest to the Bulgarian Government. It is true that there are close racial ties between the Bulgars and the Yugoslavs, and it is true that relations between the Bulgars and the Greeks have greatly improved in the last few months. But Bulgaria was one of the first of the countries to disappear behind the Iron Curtain, and it looks as if the Russians have every intention of keeping her there, whatever the Bulgars themselves may want.

On the other hand, none of the Middle Eastern countries are yet in that unhappy position. They belong to what Mr. Adlai Stevenson called, the other day, the uncommitted third of the world. But to be uncommitted does not prevent you from feeling uncomfortable about your security. And all these countries are only too painfully aware of the danger from the east. For that very reason they would almost certainly welcome with open arms the British troops stationed in the Canal Zone and the other defensive arrangements we have in Iraq and Jordan, too—if only these things could have been arranged without humiliation to their national dignity. And that unfortunately is exactly where they consider the existing arrangements break down. As it is, I do not think the Arab countries will ever agree to join forces with the British and the Americans if they have to do so as satellites committed to the surrender of their national sovereignty. They must join us as equals or not at all.

### Turkey the Catalyst

That is the importance of the Ankara pact. It does, I think, show that there is at any rate a hope of avoiding some of these difficulties. It will certainly not have been lost on the Middle East that it is Turkey which has proved the catalyst by which Yugoslavia has been able to enter the western defensive system—Yugoslavia, whose still unsolved dispute with Italy over Trieste has on at least one occasion brought her to the brink of war with one of Nato's leading members. If it is their various quarrels with the British and the Americans which prevent the countries of the Middle East from joining themselves with Nato it may be that they can be persuaded to follow Yugoslavia's example and get round this obstacle by associating themselves with another member of Nato—Turkey, for instance. The formula discovered at Ankara last February certainly solved the difficulty presented by Trieste. If applied with tact and patience, it might solve the Middle Eastern difficulty, too. I do not say it will—that would be very rash. But it could, and if it does, then the Ankara pact will cease to be a remote and distant thing but will become of vital interest to us all.

—Home Service



# A New Problem for Britain

VERNON BARTLETT on British Guiana

I AM going to say very little about Trieste, because the situation there is so fluid\*—if an adjective that suggests movement can be attached to a noun that suggests stability. If Marshal Tito were to live up to his threats and to march troops into Zone A as soon as the British and American troops had been replaced there by the Italians, then that would probably mean a war. The place has never really been very important economically to the Italians, since Venice can carry all the trade of north-east Italy, and Trieste depends for its prosperity on Yugoslavia, Austria, and perhaps countries farther east. But it has become to an absurd degree a matter of Italian national prestige, and presumably the Italians would fight to keep the Yugoslavs out of it.

But, fortunately, several weeks will elapse before the troops begin to move. When one remembers that the Yugoslavs fought with us during the war, while the Italians fought against us, Tito's indignation that the port of Trieste should go to the Italians is not so surprising. Although he used strong language over the week-end about our withdrawal, and although some of his followers went in for reprehensibly strong action in Belgrade, he has actually proposed that there should be a meeting between the British, the Americans, the Italians, and the Yugoslavs. That is a proposal to which nobody could object, so perhaps we need not yet worry too much about the movements of troops and ships.

## A Swap with the Dutch

The place I want to deal with here is more remote, but it may turn out to be still more important. I know that these talks are supposed to be about foreign affairs, and should, I suppose, be topical. Nevertheless I am going to discuss a British colony, and to begin by mentioning something that happened there nearly 300 years ago. I do so because you may be amused to be reminded that we then swapped Guiana with the Dutch for New York. The Dutch were delighted, because somewhere in Guiana there was supposed to be the golden city of El Dorado, and we had no idea of the kind of golden city that New York was to become. It is true that we subsequently lost New York, the Dutch lost British Guiana, and nobody has yet found El Dorado. But I had best return to the present day.

This one British colony on the South American mainland is the only one in the British Commonwealth which is accused of communist tendencies. The events of the last week must leave the citizens of the United States a little bewildered. The suspension of British Guiana's democratic constitution might look like an instance of the 'imperialism' of which some Americans are so fond of accusing us. But they must also conclude we are not imperialistic enough, because we have allowed communism to gain so much ground in a continent of such special interest to them. There is also the ironical fact that the person who has done most to inspire this enthusiasm for communism is a white American woman whose Indian husband is the dismissed Prime Minister. There would be grand material for a farce if the problems behind it were not so grave.

I think I am justified in discussing these problems in a talk nominally devoted to foreign affairs, because they face every government with responsibilities in the backward areas of the world. In all these areas, the war has created unrest and nationalism. It has brought their inhabitants into sudden and bewildering contact with a much higher standard of life. It has awakened in them new ambitions which, in most cases, find no outlet. The few educated natives hang around the cities as disgruntled politicians; the less educated go back to their villages to boast nostalgically about the wonderful things they saw during the war and to undermine the age-long traditions of their tribal chiefs. It is natural enough in these circumstances that the leaders should turn to communism, and that the masses should follow anybody who makes wild promises of better times. Even Dr. Nkrumah, now the successful Prime Minister of the Gold Coast, used to favour a Union of West African Soviet Socialist Republics, and one promise made by his party at the general election two years ago was that, in the event of victory, people would no longer have to pay to travel by

bus. The party was victorious, and the people do have to pay their bus fares.

But on the whole the experiment in the Gold Coast has succeeded, even though Dr. Nkrumah was in prison at the time of the election, serving a sentence for sedition. Why did it work there, in Africa, and why has not it worked in British Guiana, in South America. I believe the answer is that you cannot turn a colony into a self-governing democracy without a fairly educated public opinion; you cannot have education without money; you cannot have money to develop schools, an honest civil service, and so on, unless the colony can get capital from abroad; and you cannot get capital from abroad unless its investors have a reasonable chance of making a profit. When he became Prime Minister of the African Gold Coast, Dr. Nkrumah realised the necessity for this partnership. He realised the connection between a rising standard of living for his own people and a continued supply of foreign capital and foreign technicians to develop the great resources of his country. He realised that this supply of capital and technicians depended on the moderation of his policy.

Dr. Jagan in British Guiana, on the other hand, has paid no attention to the obvious fact that foreign capital will not come to a country whose ministers visit communist countries and communist conferences at communist expense. Only last week an official report was published in London which claimed that, given stable political conditions, the industrial output of British Guiana, Jamaica, Trinidad, and Barbados can be doubled within the next ten years. But the emphasis is on those words, 'given stable political conditions'. The policy of the British government is to enable colonial peoples to manage their own affairs. To do that, it must keep two considerations in mind. It must allow these peoples to choose their own representatives, even when—as was the case of Dr. Nkrumah—these representatives are bitterly critical of the Colonial Office administration which has led them to the stage of self-government. But it must also see that the transfer of power does not cause want and misery to the mass of the people, who, in most of these colonies, certainly understand even less of the workings of politics than I understand the workings of the hydrogen bomb.

## Are We Right to Intervene?

But in the case of British Guiana, we are faced with a problem which is new to us, although it is only too familiar in eastern Europe. To what extent should we allow the machinery of democracy to be used for the benefit of people whose declared aim is to destroy democracy? I am in no position to know whether the sensational steps to deal with the People's Progressive Party in British Guiana are the wisest ones. But I do know that the developments since this party came into power have been extraordinarily similar to those in which the communist parties have established their dictatorships in all the countries of eastern Europe.

Should we, in such circumstances, have done nothing about it? Our own Trades Union Congress, for example, long ago left the so-called World Federation of Trade Unions because it was dominated by Communists; the Guianese Government enthusiastically supports that Federation. We have old traditions of self-government; but the Guianese voted for the first time only six months ago. To what extent have we, with our much greater experience, the right, or even the duty, to intervene to save the Guianese people from a system we have ourselves rejected as destructive?

This kind of problem, which has faced every democratic party in every country where fascism or communism has become strong, faces us for the first time, and it is the most difficult of all political problems to solve. That is why I wanted to discuss British Guiana here.

—Home Service

The United Nations Association has recently published two pamphlets. One is by William Metson and is entitled 'Defence and Disarmament'. The other is called 'Breaking the Vicious Circle'; in it John Fraser describes the work that the U.N. and its agencies are doing to combat disease, hunger, and ignorance. Each pamphlet costs 6d. and is obtainable from U.N.A., 25, Charles Street, London, W.1.



# The Age of Dissent

By JAMES WELCH

**F**REEDOM from foreign rule and freedom to change our government is something we in Britain value highly. I want to speak of some of our fellow-countrymen who work among a people who were conquered—by us; who are subject—to us; and who are ruled—by us. I want to speak about Southern Nigeria where political leaders are talking, as we talked in 1940, of fighting for their freedom—which, to them, means freedom from British rule.

## Being British in Nigeria Today

What does it feel like, being British, in Nigeria today? In Nigeria, where we are being told to 'get out', where Nigerians say they mean to govern themselves, and that after 1956 they will not obey British rule even if it means dying for their freedom? Some of us are shocked when the issue is put in this way. We have looked upon Nigeria as a primitive, backward country—which it was, and still largely is. We have looked upon it as a country to which we took the benefits of civilisation—law and order, Christianity, education, and medical science. That is true. We have taken those things. We have taken them at some cost to our national purse and to British health and lives. And it remains true even when we set against it, as the Nigerian does, our part in the slave trade, the returns we get from commerce, and when we admit that we need to keep Nigeria in the Commonwealth.

British policy is to lead our colonies to self-government; the division today is between those Nigerians who demand self-government now, and those British who believe that to grant it now would harm the country and its people—especially the illiterate peasant majority. But—and this is my plea—we must not allow the two sides to stand over against each other, digging themselves in, with passions rising. To do so might have grave consequences for Nigeria. We have a right to ask Nigerians to try to see our point of view; and we have a duty to try to feel as Nigerians feel, to see through their eyes and to understand their emotions and convictions. Unless we do that, and are known by Nigerians to do that, a great chance may be lost.

It will not be easy. We have things the educated Nigerian eagerly reaches for: medical science, education, and so on. Nigerian political leaders in the south have opted for the European way of living, and it is difficult for the race which feels it is being imitated not to feel superior. We have been brought up in an atmosphere of benevolent paternalism towards the people of Nigeria—we have been those who rule, guide, evangelise, teach, and give.

All this makes it difficult for us to understand the demands of the Nigerian who wants to throw off a British rule we think is efficient, disinterested, and benevolent; and to put in its place a self-government by inexperienced people which some think will be not only inefficient but corrupt, and harmful to the inarticulate majority. But, unless we understand the southern political leader, we may waste the good work of the past, destroy genuine friendship between Nigerian and British, and lose Nigeria from the Commonwealth. My belief is that there is not enough understanding, either in Nigeria or here at home, to find a creative solution to our present difficulties. Let us try to understand some of the views held by many Nigerians I know.

Those of us who go to Nigeria from this country are called expatriates. The Nigerian puts expatriates into three categories. Into the first he puts people like Walter Miller who recently died in Nigeria after a lifetime of service there as missionary, doctor, scholar, and translator; for people like Dr. Miller, who serve Nigeria for Nigeria's good, there will always be, say Nigerians, under any form of government, a warm welcome and a home. Into the second category he puts those expatriates whose knowledge and skill Nigeria needs—engineers, doctors, professors, scientists, teachers, and so on. They are necessary—at present; later, when Nigerians have their skill and knowledge, they can go. Into the third category he puts those expatriates who, because of their attitude to and treatment of the Nigerians, should leave the country at once.

It is easy—too easy—reading the Nigerian press, or listening to political speeches, to conclude that Nigerians are ungrateful and anti-

British. That is not true. No people can be more grateful. It is untrue to say that Nigerians are anti-British; it is true to say that many of them resent being ruled by the British—as they would resent being ruled by any foreign power. We live in an age of political dissent; but the dissent is not from the British, but from being ruled by the British.

I have said we must try to understand the feelings and convictions of those who want freedom from British rule. I think we must also try to understand—and this is more difficult—the dilemma in which many educated Nigerians find themselves. Some of the wisest of them have spent years in our universities studying history and the lessons of history. They have strong convictions about political freedom and the right of peoples to govern themselves. At the same time they are wise enough to see through much of the uninformed agitation of some of their fellow countrymen, and are apprehensive of what might happen if there were a major British withdrawal and Nigerians were launched into self-government unaided and alone. Some of them have said to me that they want self-government, and are afraid of it. And this dilemma I regard as a hopeful factor; of criticism by foreigners, some of it carping, Nigerians are heartily sick; of self-criticism, criticism of Nigeria and Nigerians by Nigerians, there can never be enough—it is the surest guarantee of the success of self-government.

There is one aspect of this dilemma we should especially try to understand. I mean the presence of bribery and corruption in Nigeria. The argument that the country is not ready for self-government because only the literate few ask for it is no argument: almost every nation has achieved self-government with only a literate minority. But the argument that because there is bribery in Nigeria therefore the country is not ready to govern itself is nearly as specious. What modern state, in America, Europe, or Asia, is wholly free from some bribery and corruption?

We, with our record of bribery and corruption in eighteenth-century politics and elections, are in no position to throw stones at a new and young nation. We survived it; came through to elections free from bribery; and raised up a civil service renowned for being incorrupt. We hope Nigeria will do the same. But bribery and corruption there are in Nigerian politics; and the best political leaders are gravely troubled about them. I can give an illustration of this.

## University Entrance Examination

At our university entrance examination in Nigeria about 700 candidates compete for about 100 places. In the examination held last May, it became clear that some candidates had seen the questions before the examination. One candidate confessed he had paid £10 to a Nigerian clerk for a copy of the questions. The facts were published in the press, a new examination arranged, and those believed to be responsible for the leakage dismissed—to the immense relief of our Nigerian staff and students, and with the whole-hearted approval of the national press. Afterwards, one of our best students came to me and begged that no Nigerian should be allowed to have access to examination questions. He happened also to be a strong supporter of self-government. I said to him: 'But how can you press to be allowed to govern yourselves and at the same time not trust your fellow countrymen? I hope you will join our staff when you graduate; you will then have to set examination questions; does that mean you cannot be trusted?' He answered frankly: 'I don't want *that* responsibility; you cannot know what it means to have the questions before the exam. and to be pressed by relatives and friends who wish to enter the university. If I refused to give the information I should be thought a traitor. We are not ready for that responsibility yet'.

The undergraduate was too sweeping. Many Nigerians can be completely trusted with such information. None the less, the pressure of family and of social group in Nigeria is unbelievably strong, and it is something we have not experienced. To us a thing is usually right or wrong; if we do wrong we choose to do it; but to some Nigerians loyalty to family and group may be a good which overrides all other morality.

Here, then, are parts of the picture in Southern Nigeria today.

(continued on page 642)



# The Listener

## What They Are Saying

Comments on Trieste, British Guiana, Egypt, and Korea

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage) £1 sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents

## Function of the Critic

**'T**O hell with criticism!' declared the French actress. 'Praise is good enough for me'. Pinero, as we have heard, voiced the same view—less pungently but no doubt more authentically. In any case the sentiment is one that for most of us in our hearts awakens a response, even though we realise that it is not the praise itself that matters but rather the quality and origin of the praise. To be praised by a fool or an ignoramus is to suffer indignity or even insult: to be praised by a connoisseur is to sup ambrosia, or perhaps more aptly to taste a rare and refreshing fruit. To get matters straight, however, one has to admit that praise is scarcely the duty of a critic, if indeed it is his duty at all. 'The aim of criticism', it has been said in respect of the literary field, 'is to distinguish what is essential in the writer'. To perform this duty adequately the critic must be equipped with a number of qualities some of which are discussed by Professor D. W. Harding in our columns this week.

Professor Harding, who is opening a series of talks in which critics of various arts will consider their responsibilities as mediators between the artist and the public, begins and ends by warning us against functions that literary criticism ought *not* to perform: that is to say, it should not spare us the trouble of reading the book; it should not spoon-feed us with some substitute nutriment. On the contrary good criticism should afford the reader the 'opportunity and incentive to read more effectively for himself'. It should, in other words, send him to the book—if for no other reason than to test by means supplied to us by the critic the validity or otherwise of the critic's own opinions. But if the critic in this context is to do all that he ought to do he evidently requires more elbow room than is currently available. 'By present conventions', says the speaker, 'it seems out of the question that we should get full and closely-documented literary criticism in newspapers and weekly periodicals; only books and the critical quarterlies hold out any hope of the space and leisure that thorough criticism needs'.

That, it has to be confessed, is a depressing thought, or at least one finds it so when periodicals of the kind that Professor Harding evidently has in mind are scarcely abounding on the library tables. Some may still exist, but can it be said that the spirit of the age encourages them to flower? Even broadcasting, one fancies, cannot satisfactorily fill the gap, cannot do more than 'point from a distance in the general direction' of what the goal should be. It is, however, at least salutary that we should be reminded of the critic's proper function, if only because criticism—of a sort—seems to be a more available commodity these days than creativeness. Here again we come up against the spirit of the age. It is said, with what truth it is not easy to estimate, that the reading public are less interested in ideas and the traffic of human relationships than they are in books of travel, adventure, and escapes. If this is so, the outlook is not bright for the creative writer, or one might add for the human situation. The phase will doubtless pass and the creative writer, as we suggested last week, will come into his own again. Meanwhile the critic is in the ascendant and his responsibility is great. He may indulge in praise or condemnation. But in the field of literary criticism his prime function is, as Professor Harding says, to understand what he reads. At a time when lack of understanding in many departments of life lies at the root of our troubles, this is surely not too much to ask.

LAST WEEK at least four trouble-spots in the world were the subjects of many broadcast commentaries: Trieste, British Guiana, Egypt, and Korea. On October 11 the Yugoslav radio broadcast a speech by President Tito from the capital of Macedonia, in which he stated that as soon as an Italian soldier set foot in the Anglo-American zone of Trieste, Yugoslav troops would enter. Referring to his speech of the previous day, in which he had declared that Yugoslavia would never accept the Anglo-American decision to hand over Zone A to Italian administration and would regard the entry of Italian troops as an act of aggression, Tito went on: 'We had to tell the outside world that they have gone too far with their acts'. Neither, he continued, would Yugoslavia permit anyone—least of all Italy—to interfere in Albania's internal affairs. Concluding on a more conciliatory note, Tito expressed the hope that common sense would triumph, and urged the Western Powers to revoke their decision to allow Italy to administer Zone A of Trieste and to leave Yugoslavia to settle the Trieste question herself with Italy. In his speech on October 10, Tito had proposed as the only possible solution of the problem the division of the Trieste free territory into two autonomous units under, respectively, Yugoslav and Italian administration. Yugoslavia's unit would consist of the present Zone B and also the entire Slovene hinterland of the city of Trieste; Italy's autonomous unit would be the city and port of Trieste.

From Italy many newspapers were quoted welcoming the Anglo-American decision—though only as a first step. From the U.S.A. the *New York Herald Tribune* was quoted as follows:

The British-American plan to freeze the *status quo* in Trieste is probably about as reasonable an approach to this troublesome problem as can be devised in the circumstances. In the festering situation of Trieste it may be said that almost any solution was better than none.

The British Government's action in sending troops to British Guiana and suspending the Constitution there aroused indignant comment from commentators in the satellite countries, some of which have been recently visited by leaders of the Progressive People's Party in British Guiana. A Warsaw broadcast in English for women included recorded extracts from a speech made by Mrs. Jagan at the meeting at Copenhagen last June of the Women's International Democratic Federation. These were the words of Mrs. Jagan to this communist organisation:

We need guidance and help . . . We in the colonial world are tied economically and politically like the slaves of old. All we have lost are our iron shackles . . . Help us to win freedom for all the oppressed colonial peoples of the world.

A Prague broadcast in English stated that the clash between the P.P.P. and the British colonial authorities was an example of the 'contradiction between the whole colonial system and the rising tide of the people who are fighting for liberation from colonial rule'.

From India, the *Hindustan Times* was quoted as follows:

To suppress the rising tide of nationalism in a colonial territory by dubbing it as Communism has become the stock trick of imperialists, which will convince no one.

From Egypt, the press there, too, was quoted as accusing Britain of fighting to suppress national feeling. Of the situation in Egypt itself, a talk by Gerhardt Eisler, broadcast from the east German radio, said:

No matter what diplomatic manoeuvres and deceit the American and British imperialists may use, the heroic struggle waged for seventy years by Egyptian patriots, *under working class leadership*, will not end until its aim is achieved: Egypt for the Egyptians and for them alone!

As for the fourth of the many trouble-spots in the world, Korea, Peking radio on October 10 broadcast a proposal—in reply to the United Nations proposal—that the Communists in Korea and the U.N. should send delegations to Panmunjom to discuss the time and place of the Korean political conference, as well as who should take part in it. Two days previously Peking radio broadcast a statement by the Chinese Prime Minister endorsing the Soviet proposals for a conference of the Foreign Ministers of the five great Powers, including Communist China. Regarding the threats by South Korea against Indian troops in Korea, the *Times of India* was quoted as saying:

The U.N. Command and the U.S. Government have verged from acquiescence to incitement so far as the South Korean threat to India is concerned. To raise no word of protest against threats to the Indian forces sounds dangerously like approval of their contemplated action.



# Did You Hear That?

## ANDORRA THE OLD

THE PRESIDENT of the French Republic, M. Auriol, decided recently to break off relations with the leading citizens of Andorra, that other republic, high in the Pyrenees between the borders of France and Spain. There have been disputes about the rights of French citizens in Andorra, about taxes on French goods, and there was trouble over the fact that a French company was not allowed to set up a radio station there. The mountain state in which all this has been happening was described by BERNARD NEWMAN in 'The Eye-Witness'.

'It is a republic', he said, 'a queer little survival from feudal days; no bigger than the Isle of Wight, perched high up in the Pyrenees between France and Spain in a world of contorted rock and mountains that rise to 9,000 feet or so. The local youths say that they can scarcely find a place flat enough or big enough for a football pitch. Yet Andorra manages to support a population of about 6,000.

'The valleys are narrow; everything seems to be clinging to the side of the mountains. The people have cut terraces into them in which to grow their crops. Corn, vegetables, tobacco—those are the main ones. In fact, the biggest factory in Andorra is a tobacco factory. Most of the Andorrans are farmers, but there is also a tradition of smuggling there. The country consists of the valleys of the river Valira, and comprises in all just six villages and forty little hamlets.

'A thing that impressed an Andorran girl whom I showed around London was that all our houses are so very much alike. She kept pointing to our rows of houses and saying: "They're almost exactly the same". In Andorra no two houses are alike. When a man wants to build a house he does not select a nice, flat piece of land. If he has a good piece of land it is used to grow something on. He uses stony ground or rock to build his house on. And sometimes his out-houses are built to fit into the corners of the piece of the rock he has selected. I have seen houses built as lean-to shelters against the rock of a mountain, with the cliff serving as the back wall.

'Until a few years ago there had been scarcely any new building erected in Andorra for some generations. The only sizable buildings, and they are modern, are in the capital—Andorra la Vieja it is called: Andorra the Old. It has its own President and Council.

'This tiny feudal republic came into existence when the great Emperor Charlemagne and his son drove the Moors from France. He settled his former soldiers in a protective belt of little republics along the Pyrenees: Andorra was one of them. That was 1,100 years ago. In the course of time these little republics were grabbed by feudal lords. But a loose phrase in the original charter under which Andorra was founded gave it two overlords instead of one. Neither would agree to the other's claim to it, and eventually they decided to share the privilege. This arrangement still survives. The overlords of Andorra are the President of France and the Bishop of Urgel, in Spain.

'The Andorran House of Commons—it is called the House of the Valleys—is a small, stone building with one little turret at the corner. The state archives are kept in a cupboard. For security, this has six locks, and the keys are kept by the headmen of the six villages. A little before I was there, a French professor asked permission to see the archives, and this was granted, but when he tried to get the six key-holders together at the same place at the same time, that was a different

thing. He managed to assemble four of them at the House of the Valleys and rushed off to find the other two. But by the time he got them, the four had gone off home.

'There is no income tax—no tax at all except the customs dues on imports. And when the customs man goes home for his dinner, well, that is the time to bring an inconvenient cargo in—or so more than one Andorran told me'.

## PROTECTION FOR THE POLAR BEAR

A group of zoologists from several countries have been meeting in Salzburg. Their conference was sponsored by the United Nations, and they discussed ways of protecting the species of wild animals that are in danger of dying out altogether. One of these animals is the polar bear. Fifty years ago only a very well-equipped expedition could penetrate to the parts of the Arctic where the polar bear lives. But nowadays airlines operate regularly over Arctic Canada, Alaska, and Siberia, and more and more meteorologists and prospectors and surveyors have been pushing into the polar regions. As the number of men increases in that

part of the world the number of polar bears diminishes. A naturalist, WILLIAM ASPDEN, told listeners in a talk in the Home Service something about the animal's habits.

'There is still a great deal we have to learn about the polar bear', he said, 'and this is hardly surprising. The animal lives behind a barrier of ice and is constantly on the move, padding along the edge of the ice floes hunting the seal, its main source of food. It spends at least half its life shrouded in the gloom of the long Arctic winter night which lasts anything up to five months out of twelve. And the she bear spends nearly half her life buried away in a den with her cubs.

A. F. Kersting

'The cubs are very small at first, but grow quickly and weigh up to 400 lb. at eight months. The she bear grows fat on berries and blubber during the short but brilliant summer, and she lives on this fat throughout the winter. She is in a state of semi-coma or partial hibernation, but you can hear the sibilant whimperings from her den during those long months, and she is an easy target for the hunter. Condensation from her breath turns the snow den into ice, and escaping breath causes a small hole in the roof. The Eskimo dog can pick up the scent from this hole from a considerable distance, and all that is required of the Eskimo hunter is to put a rifle through the hole and pull the trigger.

'Those bears that survive the winter reappear, somewhat bleary-eyed with sleep, when the sun returns in the spring to melt the walls of their den. But, summer and winter, the polar bear plays into the hunter's hands. For one thing, he is most inquisitive. Hang up two tin cans in the breeze and he will come to investigate the clanging; burn some seal blubber and he will come miles to see what is happening. His eyesight is not too good, but his sense of smell is quite remarkable. In fact, the Eskimos claim he can smell a seal from a mile or more away.

'Like all bears, the polar bear has a varied diet. He eats considerable quantities of fish, and in summer he takes to a vegetable diet of berries, grasses, roots, and certain seaweed. Many animals in polar regions change to white during the winter, just like some of our own stoats, weasels, and mountain hares, but the polar bear is always white—except for a pale-yellowish colour in fully adult bears—even to the soles of



Andorra la Vieja, capital of Andorra



his feet, and the stiff hairs on the soles of his feet, which enable him to run easily on ice. If a polar bear is kept running for any distance he apparently develops a terrific thirst, and as he runs he scoops up a mouthful of snow every few yards. Before long his stomach is so laden with water that he just has to slow down. The Eskimoese set a couple of dogs to keep a bear running until it has to stop. Then there is another bear less.

'What is being done to protect this animal from the threat of extermination? It is being given limited protection in Spitzbergen and Alaska. In Canada, the law forbids the export of polar bear cubs to zoos and circuses. And the animal can usually be shot only by people who actually live in the Arctic regions and rely on it for clothing and food. But, even so, it gets badly shot up'.

### WOODCARVING AND WITCHCRAFT

'I am a sculptor and wood carver and my father was a wood carver before me', said NAMBA ROY, who comes from the West Indies, in a Home Service talk. 'The art of wood carving has been a tradition in my family for hundreds of years. (Cedar is plentiful in Jamaica, and so is guava and other hard woods.) I used to watch my father carving pieces of cedar. He carved characters from folk tales and strange masks. My father did not try to sell his carvings, nor did he teach me deliberately how to carve. Our ancient carvers never taught like that. He just carved and I watched him doing it.

'There is a strange story which tells how the traditional art of carving was kept alive in my family. Nearly 300 years ago, one of my ancestors was taken from Africa as a slave to the West Indies. He had a young son whom he loved very much, and he used to carve small wooden toys for the child to play with while he was away working in the cane-fields. The boy used to play sometimes with the planter's little daughter. They were both about four years old.

'One day my ancestor came back from the cane-fields to his cabin to find that his son was missing. His fellow slaves told him that the boy had been sold with another slave to a strange planter. The father was greatly grieved and pined for his child. One Sunday when the planter's little girl came along, he gave her one of the small carved toys and the rest he destroyed. The girl took the little figure home with her and left it lying on a sofa. Soon afterwards, her father, the planter, came into the house. He had just been seeing to the capture of some runaway slaves and decided to rest on the sofa. Suddenly his hand touched the little carved figure. Perhaps, after all, he had a guilty conscience, for apparently he jumped to the conclusion that the toy was something to do with witchcraft. His family found him lying on the sofa suffering, apparently, from a stroke. One side of his body was affected, including the hand which had held the wooden figure. He could not speak, but he made signs to his family and friends, and as soon as they understood him they set out to find which slave had carved the toy.

'It was easy to trace the carving to my ancestor. As a punishment they decided to kill him. But the mother of the little girl—from compassion or superstition—suggested that he should be given a chance of life. As he understood witchcraft he was to cure his master. If he failed he would be beaten to death. So he carved a little figure called Ju-ju. He told them to put it under his master's pillow and he would recover. And as the days went by the planter did show signs of recovery. The people were superstitious and thought that every improvement was due to the little figure. At last the planter got almost completely well, outwardly at least.

'Thus my ancestor became known as a great witch doctor. Planters came from far and near to buy charms. The master found this such a good way to make money that he let my ancestor off all other work and allowed him to spend his time carving. When the master died, my ancestor was sold to another slave owner on the other side of

the island, and the story has a happy ending. To his joy, he found himself again with his long lost son.

'Ever since that time a member of my family has always looked on the art of carving as an inheritance—in slavery and in freedom. And now it is my turn, it seems, to carry on the tradition'.

### A NEWLY DISCOVERED CATACOMB

One of the most vivid reminders of the days of the early Christians in Rome is the vast network of catacombs that winds beneath the soil of the city. It is believed that altogether there were nearly 400 miles of these underground passages, dug out by the first Christians as their burial ground. So far, about seventy-five miles of them have been excavated, and from time to time new stretches are discovered. CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, B.B.C. Rome correspondent, has lately visited some of these, and spoke about them in 'The Eye-witness'. 'One', he said, 'has very recently been discovered, in the garden of a villa outside the city on the ancient Appian Way. We went down a long stairway of nearly fifty steps into the ground to find, near the bottom, a small cemetery excavated on two levels or floors. At each level there was a labyrinth of galleries cut into their rocky walls, tier upon tier of horizontal recesses, each capable of taking one body. Many of them were tiny little cavities, mute evidence of the terrible infant mortality that must have existed in those early days. At some period this catacomb had been despoiled: most of the recesses had been deprived of the terracotta tiles which once sealed them up, and the bones were relatively few.

'On a stretch of surviving stucco there is a painting of a cross, and experts connect this with the discovery of the true Cross at Jerusalem by St. Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine, an event which took place about the date when this particular catacomb was founded.

'Then I went right across to the other side of Rome, to the heart of one of the most fashionable modern residential districts. My guide took me into the garden of a large block of flats, and round to the back door, where a row of squalid out-houses contained the dustbins. In the middle of this row was a rusty iron door. This was unlocked, and another long flight of steps carried us ninety feet down into the huge catacomb of St. Hermes and the Martyr Basilla. Here the labyrinth of passages is on several levels, and one of the corridors leads into a lofty vaulted underground church, the only one which is known to exist in the catacombs. Its roof is so high that it almost reaches ground level, and the

apse is dimly lit by a leaded glass sky-light half buried among the greenery of another modern garden. In a chamber adjoining this church, there was recently discovered under whitewash a magnificent wall painting depicting the Madonna in the pearl-embroidered robes of a Byzantine princess with the Child in her lap, giving the Greek form of blessing, and among the saints who flank her throne is the earliest known portrait of Saint Benedict, the founder of monasticism in Europe.

'The third catacomb I visited is beneath the same, smart residential area. It was found when they were extending the crypt of a small modern church. This is the large cemetery of St. Pamphilus, and it is interesting as being one of the few which were never despoiled by relic hunters. The grave recesses are all still sealed up with terra-cotta tiles or sometimes marble slabs. Here and there mortar has crumbled, and the tile has fallen away to reveal the patient skeleton within.

'Some of the tiles have roughly painted inscriptions: one by a father tenderly recalls his daughter with her nickname of "Little Kitten". Often there is no inscription, but the relatives have left embedded in the mortar some small object to help them to identify their grave among so many—an ivory counter, a small saucer with a tortoise-shell pattern, or a few small coins. Every few yards a little oil lamp had been embedded in the wall, and the explorers have even found a niche for the oil reservoir where visitors could replenish their lamps'.



'Virgin and Child', by Namba Roy  
Collection of Guy Montagu, Esq.



# The Land of the Future

J. A. CAMACHO introduces a series of eight talks on Latin America

PSYCHOLOGISTS play a game with the rest of us which they call 'association of ideas'; when they say 'wall' you think of 'brick' or 'gate', and the psychologists draw conclusions about your character. But no conclusion could be drawn from the reaction of most people to Latin America, because most people think at once of revolutions. And, of course, there have been and indeed still are from time to time quite a number of revolutions in Latin America. Most of the twenty countries in that part of the world owe their existence to a revolution, and the revolutionary tradition lives on. There was one only a short while ago in Colombia; one that was carried through with a commendable lack of bloodshed and achieved a change of government which, as far as one can tell, has the approval of the majority of Colombians. In fact, revolutions in Latin America are not necessarily to be condemned outright. Very often they achieve the will of the majority where an over-rigid constitution prevents its achievement by any other means. Indeed, looking round the world we might well wonder whether we could not do with a few more revolutions of the Latin-American type.

But it would be a mistake to imagine that revolutions are the only interesting and most important aspects of life in Latin America. What pictures and ideas does the name Latin America conjure up in the mind of the average man and woman in Britain? I do not think the answer to that question would be very flattering to Latin Americans. The trouble is that most of us who have been brought up in Anglo-Saxon countries, particularly those of my age or a little older, were given for our entertainment some rather odd literature: in his *Critical Essays*, George Orwell has something to say about the effect of children's reading matter. In my view he does not exaggerate, and adventure stories by Henty and Ballantyne, less respectable publications, and the use of the word 'dago' in its most pejorative sense, have created a prejudice about half-breeds which will take years to destroy. To try to take a balanced view of Latin America the remnants of any such prejudice must be suppressed. And it is important we should try to get things in perspective.

If we think of Mexico, for example, we should try to go a little further than funny straw hats—no funnier, by the way, than hats in Wales—improbable cactus plants, and trouble with the oil companies. If we talk of Brazil, it is as well to remember that they do more in that country than grow nuts, burn coffee, dance sambas, and produce Carmen Miranda. And we should perhaps remember that there is more to Argentina than flamboyant presidents, throbbing tangos, polo-playing millionaires, and expropriated British railways. Indeed, quite a lot of useful things have come from Latin America. Not just meat and oil, coffee and tin, copper and grain, although quite a lot of those products

have been fairly useful, but other less tangible exports: rather improbably, perhaps, and strangely we might consider, political ideas. The first mention of limitation of armaments in international affairs, for example, occurs in a treaty signed by Argentina and Chile in 1902. The treaty is commemorated by the famous statue of Christ in the Andes. In 1929 Peru and Chile signed a treaty to bring to an end their long-standing dispute about the provinces of Tacna and Arica; various protocols have been agreed and signed since: one of them calls for a revision of school history text books in both countries to try to

avoid perpetuating enmity and prejudice between the two countries. It would seem that in spite of the occasional revolution there is to be found some statesmanship in Latin America.

Much better known to some is the cultural life of Latin America. The exhibition of Mexican art at the Tate Gallery a few months ago reminded some of us that Siqueiros, Orozco, and Diego Rivera are all in the vanguard of modern painting, as indeed is Portinari of Brazil; no list of outstanding modern composers would be complete without Villa Lobos of Brazil and Carlos Chávez of Mexico; and among the world's virtuosi one could not omit the Chilean pianist, Claudio Arrau. Similar examples are to be found in most fields of human activity. For example, mass radiology was a technique developed by the Brazilian doctor, Manoel Abreu. In the world of letters the Chilean poetess and Nobel prize-winner, Gabriela Mistral, the Peruvian novelist, Ciro Alegria, the Venezuelan Rómulo Gallegos, the Brazilian Jorge Amado and the Chilean Pablo Neruda, are all in the front rank.

Nor is this galaxy of talent a sudden development. It has been going on for some time.

And this is particularly interesting from two points of view: first, because it is to western culture that this contribution has been made. The Anglo-Saxon peoples are fond of illogicality and paradox, and Rubén Darío and Andrés Bello, for example, remind us that the tradition of literature goes back a long time. Aleijadinho, the Brazilian sculptor, enriched the colonial churches of the mid-eighteenth century. The composer Reynaldo Hahn turns out to have been a Venezuelan; Gauguin, it seems, had a Peruvian mother and spent his childhood in Lima; and it is quite a number of years since the Brazilian, Santos Dumont, flew one of the world's first airships from Montmartre round the Eiffel Tower. Indeed, when, a few months ago, the translation of a book called in English *The Epitaph of a Small Winner* created a minor sensation in the United States and Britain as a novel in the ultra-modern manner, it turned out to have been written by Machado de Assis, a Brazilian author, nearly three-quarters of a century ago.

The fact is that Latin America has, for many years, been making a gradually increasing contribution to the broad stream of western culture. And this is particularly interesting from two points of view: first, because it is to western culture that this contribution has been made. The Anglo-Saxon peoples are fond of illogicality and paradox, and



The Latin American states: the shaded portions are not part of Latin America



they should therefore easily understand that Latin America is called 'Latin' because it is mainly Amerindian and partly African, as well as Latin. In a sense, it is one of the greatest triumphs of the west that Latin America should belong to it and should not have developed on lines entirely separate and alien to the western tradition. Of course, the same thing might be said about the United States of America, but the point about the United States is that by far the greater part of the inhabitants are of European origin, whereas the inhabitants of Latin America are very much less so. In no other part of the world has an alien race been incorporated into the western family. I think it is important that this should continue to be true about Latin America.

### Cultural Emancipation

But I said that this increasing contribution to western culture was important for two reasons: the other reason is that the Latin American contribution to the western way of life is increasing in importance simultaneously with its developing emancipation. In a sense, Latin America was emancipated nearly a century and a half ago, when the majority of countries achieved their independence from the crowns of Spain and Portugal. But what they achieved then was only their nominal political emancipation. It was, I think, Disraeli who said that 'colonies do not cease to be colonies overnight because they achieve their independence', and this was particularly true of Latin America. Emancipation means more than political independence; it implies, too, cultural freedom and economic independence. The cultural emancipation of Latin America has been developing slowly over the years: it could be said to be now achieved. The economic independence has been slower, but a number of nations are now at the threshold of it, and there is little doubt that, sooner or later, they will complete the independence begun with the revolt against Ferdinand VII, somewhere about 1810.

The difficulty about words like 'independence' is that they sound good, and everybody pays lip service to them, but exactly the same thing can be called by another name and made to sound bad. Independence can be called 'nationalism', and the trouble is that it very frequently is; and nationalism is a little out of fashion at the moment. The more advanced a country is, like Britain or France, the more its people realise that independence is not enough. In our modern world, we must recognise the inter-dependence of nations; and it is perhaps true that not all Latin Americans have sufficiently learned this lesson. Economic nationalism arises sometimes from admirable motives, but it can do a great deal of harm in a negative sense. It can deprive the world at large of incalculable wealth, and can retard the development of the countries where it arises.

But it would be wrong to suggest that economic nationalism is a defect, due exclusively to false pride on the part of Latin Americans. It is sometimes a reaction to an excessive concentration on the earning of profits by big international business concerns. Inevitably, in the past there have been clashes between the interests of the peoples of Latin America and those of the foreign investor. The outlook today in this matter is more hopeful: in some Latin American countries national capital is accumulating, and there is less need for foreign aid; in others, the need for foreign capital is increasingly recognised; and on the other side of the picture foreign enterprises working in Latin America are showing restraint and a sense of responsibility in regard to the millions of people whose daily life and standards of living they affect.

### Useful Pointers

These are some of the reasons why Latin America is an area of the world to which we should give some attention. But in Britain there is still another reason, for Britain is the world's largest colonial power and it is the declared policy of all recent British governments to work for the development of self-government, and ultimate independence, of the areas now governed by a colonial administration. In other words, Britain is working for the emancipation of the peoples she now governs. And the way in which that emancipation may develop is still largely a matter of conjecture. A study of the way in which it has developed in Latin America may provide useful pointers.

One example of the sort of study that can be made is the development of multi-racial communities. Some of the Latin American countries are almost entirely European in their racial composition, such as Argentina and Costa Rica. Others, like Mexico, Peru, Guatemala, and Bolivia are predominantly Amerindian. Others still, like Colombia, and above all Brazil, are very mixed and have a substantial Negro element. How do all these different races get along together? Is miscegenation a happy development? Can the results be said to have exploded the idea that

the half-breed and dago is somehow inherently inferior? These are problems well worth looking into. In passing it is worth noting, too, that no-one in Latin America has ever suggested *Apartheid*.

In some respects Latin America is an area of experiment; a melting pot of ideas as well as races. But from the European point of view there has been a tendency to think of Latin America as a source of wealth. The legend of El Dorado that fired the imagination of so many of the conquistadores dies very hard indeed. Unfortunately, some British investors have had nearly as much cause for disillusion and disappointment as many of their Spanish and Portuguese precursors in the early seventeenth century. But this must not be allowed to obscure the material importance of Latin America. There are some hard facts about it that it is as well to remember. One is its size: it is three times the size of the United States. Another is its population, which is today estimated to be about 160,000,000 and which may well be something about 300,000,000 by the end of this century. The present population is concentrated in a relatively small proportion of the whole area; in other words, vast territories have not yet been exploited and some have yet to be explored.

But even in those zones that are already peopled and developed, the national wealth is great. Argentina is one of the granaries of the world; Venezuela the world's largest exporter of petroleum; Chile one of the most important suppliers of copper; Bolivia one of the main suppliers of tin. The wealth of Brazil is so varied and vast that even an inadequate picture would take up the whole of the period of this talk. In fact, in Latin America there is room for expansion and development, for the increased exploitation of a national wealth, whose exhaustion is not even remotely in sight. And there is a rapidly expanding population, with a rising standard of living.

It is not, perhaps, too much to say that Latin America is the land of the future. There are cynics who say that Latin America has always been the land of the future, but even so, today's future has a habit of becoming tomorrow's present, none the less unexpectedly because it happens so frequently. And there is little doubt that the well-informed man of the next generation will have to know a great deal more about Latin America than most of us know about it today.—*Third Programme*

## So It Would Seem

When, then, it comes at length to this,  
The last of all earth's mysteries—  
That moment when, heart-breaking, I  
Am forced to nod my last goodbye.

From its all-baffling brink may yet  
My glazing gaze on you be set;  
Strive still to acquaint you that you gave  
What from the cradle to the grave  
Has life's most strangest blessing been,  
Prayer could entreat, or answer mean.

No more than beauty to the wind  
Can speech reveal the secret mind.  
Be then alone a while, and seek  
In your own eyes and mouth and cheek  
What only your glass can tell you of—  
The face that mirrored all I love—  
The self of my idolatry.

Grief and despair and dread; ah, yes;  
Nothing on earth the heart to bless  
Brings unremitting happiness.  
Nor shall you from the spice-sweet gorse  
Pluck any thornless bloom perforce;  
So, all the rapture, all the care  
As close as thorn and blossom were.

Every day through I lived in you,  
Present or absent, the whole day through;  
Nothing I saw, or heard, or felt  
Might not its vivid instant melt  
My very bowels with thought of thee:  
Whisper then, 'Lo!'—Then, *Sesame!*

WALTER DE LA MARE



# Lord Milner and General Smuts

By LORD BRAND

IT was a strange fate which linked Milner and Smuts together in great events both as opponents and colleagues. In May 1899, after Milner had been just two years in South Africa as Governor of Cape Colony, he went to meet President Kruger at a fateful conference in Bloemfontein, to discuss the enfranchisement of British subjects in the Transvaal Republic. Milner was then forty-five. Smuts, who was Kruger's State Attorney and one of his chief advisers at the conference, was only twenty-nine.

After his two years' examination of the problem facing him in South Africa, Milner had made up his mind unalterably on the terms he felt he must demand in the British interests and in those of South Africa as a whole. But in Kruger he met a man as determined as, and more blindly obstinate than, himself. I once asked General Smuts what was the real cause of the South African war. One cause, he said, was that President Kruger was unfortunately an old man in a rut. Yet it is impossible not to feel some sympathy with Kruger, however incompetent, reactionary, and corrupt the old man's Government might be. In 1836, when he was twelve years old, he had left Cape Colony in the great trek of the Boers into the wilderness, the whole aim of which was to face any dangers and hardships there might be—and they were very great—in order to get away from the rule of the British Government. In the succeeding sixty-three years of his life, he had helped to build up an independent state, 1,000 miles to the north of Cape Town. That state had forced the British Government once already to an ignominious peace. Now he was (and indeed had been for years) its President and was worshipped by his Boers. But, alas, gold in huge quantities had been found within the Transvaal's borders and the flood of immigrants to Johannesburg and the Rand was already largely outnumbering his burghers. Here once again in his old age the British Government began to interfere with him and to threaten him by demanding that these immigrants should be given the vote. Kruger was convinced that meant nothing less than surrendering his country's independence. He thought it was the gold the British wanted, just as they had wanted the Kimberley diamonds, and that it was his country's independence that he was asked to surrender. Despite great efforts on Smuts' part, the two chief opponents could not bridge their differences. The conference broke down and a few months later the war came, in which Smuts himself played a great part as a military leader.

The next time Milner and Smuts were closely connected with one another was eighteen years later, in 1917, when both were members of Lloyd George's War Cabinet and when they became firm friends.

In other respects there were similarities in their careers. Milner had an exceptionally brilliant academic career at Oxford. Smuts followed suit in his generation with an equally brilliant one at Cambridge. Milner's guiding ideal in life was a passionate belief in the destiny and civilising mission of the British Empire. Smuts became, by the time of the first world war, one of the strongest and most eloquent advocates and supporters of the British Commonwealth of Nations. But—and here Milner did not go with him—he was also one of the founders and

strong supporters of the League of Nations, and, after the second world war, of the United Nations. Milner, on the other hand, believed that peace would be best preserved by an alliance between the British Commonwealth and the United States. He feared that vast, all-embracing international organisations would bring great and unknown dangers.

No effort was needed on Milner's part to inspire all those who worked for him with admiration and affection. This was not due merely, or indeed mainly, to his great abilities, which shone in his lucid, closely reasoned, firm, and comprehensive despatches and cables, but to what

I can only call the nobility of his character, to the innate simplicity, integrity, and charm of his mind. He treated the young as if he wanted and appreciated their help, and gave them great latitude. In essence, however, he was reserved by temperament. The impression he gave us all was one of great firmness and dignity. Above all, one had an impression of the absolute straightness and singleness of mind of a man who could only say what he meant, and could not say less than he meant, and who would pursue his ideals with the most undeviating firmness, regardless of any consequences to himself. He was fitted with the qualities of a statesman, but certainly not with those of a party politician. He could not bring himself to believe that great and vital affairs of state, particularly matters of life and death to state or Commonwealth, were best dealt with by means of party strife, however much it might stimulate what he once called 'that mob at Westminster'. He would have been an ardent supporter of applying a



Lord Milner and General Smuts in London in 1917

From 'General Smuts', by S. G. Millin (Faber)

bi-partisan policy (to use a modern American phrase) to both Commonwealth and foreign affairs.

Smuts was a more subtle and complicated character. While Milner, when after long reflection he had arrived at a definite opinion, found it more than difficult to change, Smuts seemed always ready to consider some compromise. Indeed at the National Convention we were always afraid that he might give away what we, his helpers, regarded as a vital question of principle, before we heard anything about it. I have always thought absolute courage, physical and moral, and the power of immediate decision were his leading characteristics, aided, of course, by his brilliant mind. He was an extraordinary combination of statesman, soldier, man of action, philosopher, and passionate lover of nature. While Milner was the soul of directness, Smuts, among the Boers, had a reputation for what they call 'slimness', that is, being a little too clever. 'Slim Jannie', they called him; this arising, I think, from his readiness (as I have just said) to compromise, in order to achieve his end.

I did not always agree with Milner's judgment. For a long time I was a strong opponent of his policy of importing Chinese to work in the mines, though as depression and unemployment deepened on the Rand I came to accept it as a necessary but temporary remedy. Milner's whole object was to enable more British miners to find skilled jobs in the gold mines, so that the economy of the country could be rebuilt after the destruction wrought by war. Mainly, I think, through the influence of his great friend, Arnold Toynbee, at Balliol, Milner took a



deep interest in social welfare, and in socialistic and Fabian doctrines. I may add that he coupled these ideals with a great measure of disbelief in economists and in the economic doctrines then prevalent.

Milner's opinions on South African problems still have great relevance today. He was guided by the conviction that British and Dutch must live in amity with one another, and for that to be possible that they must have equal political rights. This unity, he was convinced, could best be achieved by South Africa finding freedom and security within a united British Commonwealth. These were, in fact, exactly the same ideals which actuated Smuts from the achievement of South African Union in 1909 until the end of his life.

### Milner's Objective

In his farewell speech in Johannesburg in 1905, which I heard at the time with such admiration, Lord Milner said—he was speaking of union of the states in the British Commonwealth:

See how such a consummation, *i.e.* a united British Commonwealth, would solve and indeed can alone solve, the most difficult and persistent of the problems of South Africa, how it would unite the white races as nothing else can. The Dutch can never owe a perfect allegiance merely to Great Britain. The British can never without moral injury accept allegiance to any body politic which excludes their Motherland. But British and Dutch alike could, without loss of dignity, without any sacrifice of their several traditions, unite in loyal devotion to an Empire State, in which Great Britain and South Africa would be partners, and could work cordially together for the good of South Africa as a member of that great whole. And so you see the true imperialist is also the best South African.

Why has this noble objective of Milner's been in deeds, though may be not always in words, resolutely opposed by a majority of the Dutch in recent years? One would suppose that, if any two races in the world should wish to co-operate together heartily, it would be the 2,500,000 white people of British and Dutch origin in the Union, 2,500,000 white people hanging on, so to speak, to the tip of a vast black continent perhaps containing something between 100,000,000 and 150,000,000 of Bantu and negroid Africans, now awakening to self-consciousness. What madness for the white races to remain hopelessly disunited. What, then, has determined the attitude of the Dutch?

Suppose that there had been no Jameson Raid in 1895. Suppose that, by the time Milner had arrived in South Africa, Kruger had already died, and that the Transvaal was being governed by men of the calibre of Botha and Smuts; and suppose, as is likely, that Milner had been able to make an acceptable agreement with them for a reasonable arrangement as to voting rights for the non-Boer population in Johannesburg. There would then have been no war. But the Transvaal and the Orange Free State would have remained independent states with some shadowy suzerainty of the United Kingdom. Is it likely that these two independent states would have agreed to join Cape Colony and Natal in making a South African Union within the British Commonwealth? Botha and Smuts might well have agreed themselves, and done their best to get the agreement of their followers. But would there have been any chance of President Steyn or of Hertzog agreeing on behalf of the Orange Free State? I doubt it, although one has to remember that on the suppositions I have made there would have been no South African war and therefore none of the bitter and lasting memories which it brought into being. But still I doubt it. I knew them both, particularly Hertzog, who was a member of my railway committee. He appeared a pleasant, moderate man, but beneath the skin there was a narrow, bitter Afrikaner sentiment.

Union, in my opinion, would have had to come, because South African geography and conditions in general make it imperative. But whether it could have been achieved without a British-Dutch conflict it is impossible to say.

But the South African war did take place, and it did leave bitter memories. The Dutch population, mainly on the wide and lonely veld and not in the cities, remained exceptionally isolated and resistant to new ideas, particularly as to the relations between the white and the native races. The true-blue Afrikaners—such as the Calvinist Predikants of the Dutch Reformed Church, the intellectuals of the universities like Stellenbosch and Pretoria—set themselves to work once more for Dutch supremacy and segregation. They have been only too successful. Among other things they achieved the remarkable feat of creating a new language, Afrikaans, a mixture of high Dutch and the Boer Taal, which has been very successful and easy to learn; easier, it is said, for the natives to learn than English. In every way they use all their

energies to maintain the Dutch-descended population as a chosen people which must keep itself pure from all else.

But it was not simply the memories of the Boer War that assisted them. Still more perhaps it was the outbreak of the two great world wars, and the consequent rebellion of 1914 which brought General De la Rey's death and which Botha and Smuts put down with so firm a hand. That, in itself, led to further bitter memories. The extreme Afrikaner section, moreover, resented bitterly that in both wars the South African Union was to be found fighting on the side of the British Commonwealth.

But there has always been something more, something deeper, which has separated the Afrikaners, the Nationalist Party, from at any rate the United Kingdom. Milner himself pointed to the difficulty in a letter to Asquith in 1897. Mr. Asquith had made a speech laying down two principles, first, that we should seek to restore good relations between the Dutch and English, and second that we should secure for the native Africans adequate protection against oppression and wrong. Milner agreed with him, but added: 'What I am so anxious that you and other English statesmen, especially Liberal statesmen, should understand, is that object No. 1 is, and always has been, the principal obstacle to the attainment of object No. 2. I should feel quite confident of being able to get over the Dutch-English difficulty, if it were not so horribly complicated by the native question'.

He added that if the British Government were to take a strong pro-African line, the whole of Dutch opinion would be against it, and the bulk (but not the whole) of British opinion would go with it. 'You have therefore this singular situation, that you might indeed unite Dutch and English by protecting the black man, but you would unite them against yourself and your policy of protection. There is the whole crux of the South African position'. Milner's words are still true and what he added remains true also: 'Intemperate or ill-informed opinion of these native questions in the United Kingdom may do infinite harm'.

But I cannot discuss here the overwhelmingly important racial problem of black and white which faces both Dutch and British in South Africa, and which makes it ludicrous and insensate that the white races should not close the gap between them. That problem might be better understood by us, in this country, if our population of 50,000,000 here consisted of about 10,000,000 of English, Scotch, and Welsh and 40,000,000 black population, mostly still living under primitive conditions and with no intermarriage between the black and white races. No one can foresee the ultimate solution. What is certain is that on the one hand the white South Africans have to permit the native Africans to develop their innate capacities, which are still unknown, and to show the magnanimity and wisdom which men like Milner and Smuts both showed, and on the other hand that no solution is at this time to be found in the direction of universal suffrage. Rhodes' doctrine of 'equal rights for all civilised men', whatever its difficulties in application, is still the best guide-post. What is highly important to the British Commonwealth is that the other members of it, and particularly the people of the United Kingdom, should recognise the immense difficulty of the South African problem, which is unique in the world, and do all they can to understand it. They should understand at least that the existence of a white population ought not to be a handicap but an immense aid in helping the African peoples upwards towards a civilised life.—*Home Service*

## Auguries

Do you know the light when the hedge leaves are thinned  
By September gales? Prytherch knew it, too,  
In the old days when he was a lad like you,  
Following the plough cloudward, sowing the wind  
With squalls of gulls at every furrow end.  
Eyes greying with the dawn, boots bright with dew,  
He walked these fields and gathered as they grew  
The fresh mushrooms with the wet rind.  
He saw also the armoured holly shine  
Down to its spurs on many a matchless day  
Of sunny calm, and took it for a sign  
Of frost to follow with the bestial night  
Coiled at its root. He read the sign aright,  
But never dreamed how long the cold would stay.

R. S. THOMAS





In the high veld of Swaziland

## Swaziland: an African Sanctuary

By BASIL DAVIDSON

**S**WAZILAND is not easily found even on the map. It is away down in South Africa, looking about the size and the shape of a heart, and it is wedged up against the frontiers of the Transvaal, Zululand, and Portuguese East Africa. I happened this summer to be in Johannesburg and I knew it would be well worth going to look at this small British protectorate. So I set off across the eastern Transvaal.

To begin with, there is a good asphalt road; and then, after 200 miles or so, it gives way to red dust and grit, and the grit chokes into your mouth and ears and eyes, and the dust spurts out behind you. The surface corrugations snarl and grab at the springs of your car, while you are heading eastward into a great green bowl cupped high among the hills. After a while the country grows majestic, no longer flat and featureless and sad, no longer that old Transvaal veld, but grand, with mountains peaked along the skyline, picked out with the shadows of forest, glinting in slides and edges of bare rock that is blue and violet and grey in the enchanted distance.

At about this point, in the old days, the cautious put down their pegs, staked their land, or else turned back. But some went further. There

is a verse of Rudyard Kipling's in a poem called 'The Explorer':  
It's the end of cultivation,  
There's no sense in going further . . .

—but the explorer in Kipling's poem never ceased wanting to know what lay beyond those mountains, and he chafed until he crossed them.

The old prospectors did exactly that. After they had discovered gold in the Transvaal, they pushed out over those mountains, looking for anything they could find. Those were ruthless, fabulous days when anything went, and a feckless Swazi king dealt out concessions right and left in exchange for greyhounds and shotguns, horses, barrels of beer, hooch, and pieces of paper he could not read. Once, in central Africa, I met one of those old Swazi prospectors: a paunchy old gentleman by this time, with, I imagine, a pot of money in the bank. He told me how, fifty years ago, he had ridden up out of Barberton with his wife behind him on a pack-horse, and how they had gone up into the clouds and had crossed the summit of those mountains on a striding edge that is still called the Devil's Bridge, so that the horses had to be blindfolded and his wife never forgave him . . . and how they



King Sobhuza of the Swazis (left) listening to a chant of praise from one of his subjects



had ridden down into the little-known land of the Swazis on the other side and found it green and full of beauty. These old mining pirates are a dying race in Africa, but when you have the luck to run into one or other of the few surviving, and chance upon a mood for swapping yarns, it is like sitting on a time machine that shoots you back to the days of Cecil Rhodes, when white men thought that the whole of Africa was theirs simply for the taking.

### 'Times Change, the Hills Remain'

Times have changed: the hills remain. After Barberton, you are climbing on a dirt road which twists and wriggles up and up until the veld below is the colour of a lion's skin that is luminous with small blue pools of shadow under the hovering handkerchiefs of cloud. Overhead, swinging up from pylon to pylon, there is a long cable-transporter which carries to Barberton the ore from the Havelock asbestos mine. Over the lip of the high ridge you come upon a mining township that gleams with row after row of little whitewashed miners' huts, with fine industrial buildings and shops and rest centres, all of them on top of the world, while the mountains rumble with the din of toothed machinery crushing ore. This is the twenty-four-hour-shift efficiency of the Havelock mine: not far away, lost and rather sad among the weeds and thorn scrub, there are the ancient workings of a gold mine, first opened in 1890. An old hand in the bar, brooding over a golden past, said: 'They took a million pounds' worth of gold out of that mine'—but today there is nothing there except an empty shaft and the dimly golden shadow of a waste dump on the hillside. Here and there among these hills there are man-made caverns in seemingly impossible places; and dropping from the lip of these caverns there are long, steep spills of rock where the old prospectors drove their shafts and searched—and sometimes found.

They are mining nowadays another sort of gold in the Swazi hills. Until a few years ago the greater part of these hills was the property of Transvaal sheep-farmers who used it for nothing more than winter grazing, having their farm lads drive up the sheep in June and down again a few months later. Erosion was beginning to peel the soil from these thinly covered rocks, and you can still see dark red tongues of soil-stripped rock where sheep and sub-tropical rainfall have combined to lick away the soil. Then a handful of enterprising businessmen in Johannesburg noticed that pine trees flourish in Swaziland; they looked around for capital, found it in Britain and South Africa and Denmark, and launched in 1947 the largest single forestry project in southern Africa, and perhaps in the whole of Africa. Peak Timbers Limited is planting pines over about 170 square miles. A year or so after Peak Timbers began, the Colonial Development Corporation came in a little to the south and launched another forestry project on much the same scale around the headwaters of the great Usuto river.

Pines grow fast, so that western Swaziland within five years or so from now will be looking rather like the tree-green mountains of Bavaria, a pleasant change in bare South Africa. Mr. Hubbard, who is in charge of the Colonial Development Corporation's scheme, considers that this is the 'best example of forestry idealism' that Africa has seen—the attempt, he means, to use trees not only as a source of reasonable commercial profit but also as a way of conserving and improving land which must otherwise be ruined by improvident farming. It is not all idealism, of course. The profits ought to be satisfactory. Mr. Stevens, who runs the private forestry scheme at Piggs Peak with the same skill, energy, and success as Mr. Hubbard down at Usuto Forests, says that the net annual profit per acre, at current prices, ought to be in the order of £16; and that, when you are talking in tens of thousands of acres, is a lot of money.

Like Kipling's explorer, men have found a great deal that is worth seeing and possessing beyond these blue ranges. Swaziland lately entered upon a period of active development, thanks to the stimulus of an energetic High Commissioner, Sir Evelyn Baring, and other circumstances conducive to getting things done. White settlers—altogether about 4,000 of them compared with 200,000 Swazis—are beginning to grow bananas for the South African market, are planting for tung oil, experimenting with rice and with other crops which seem to promise well. Mining companies are looking into the prospect offered by such lesser-known but useful minerals as diaspore and columbite, which is used in the manufacture of jet engines and for which the United States offers at the moment 100 per cent. bonus.

All this is white man's development and, mainly, white man's profit. Yet, in spite of the fact that tidy fortunes are being taken out of

Swaziland, it must be said that the Swazis are in pretty good shape when compared with that of Africans in many other territories of mixed population. Since the British took over Swaziland white men have ceased being able to acquire new land; and where big corporations like the C.D.C. acquire land owned by the Swazis they have to compensate the Swazis by as much land purchased from other white men; and the Swazis have a good deal of say in what land they will take in compensation and what they will not. Gradually, the Swazis are being able to buy back some of the land which their silly king of eighty years ago gave away for next to nothing. Today the Swazi nation—for they think of themselves as a nation, not a tribe—own rather more than half their country. They own it not individually but by that primitive communism which is traditional over much of Africa. Their land is vested in their king; and their king holds it in trust for the people and apportions it according to local right and custom, and nobody pays rent.

I doubt if it is mere sentiment, in these days, to think of this green and pleasant land beyond the Transvaal hills as a kind of African sanctuary. Life is comparatively good for the Africans in Swaziland: no passes, no restrictions on travel, no irksome racial indignities or not many, no fear of land seizure—these are gains which count for much in southern Africa. Not that Swaziland is perfection: the knowledgeable Swazi tends to think that the white man's profits from the Swazi's land and labour are too high, that too great a proportion of these profits leave his country instead of staying there to help build it better and more comfortable, that mineral duties at two and a half per cent. (or two per cent. for asbestos) are unnecessarily low. He would like to have more schools, more social services, more facilities. But he also knows, I think, that matters might be much worse. He cocks a cautious eye across the frontier and does not much like what he sees there. I asked the president of the native court at Hlatikulu: 'What would you think about having Swaziland annexed to the Union of South Africa?' He was an elderly gentleman in a curious uniform all his own, who enjoys a great deal of local respect. He looked at me and shook his head, as though pitying a stranger's ignorance. He said: 'Are we fools, then?'

Here, as perhaps nowhere else in southern or central Africa, the old tribal hierarchy remains effectively intact. If King Sobhuza of the Swazis receives a salary of £2,500 a year, this does not make him a stooge or subtract from his authority, as similar payments to chiefs have often done elsewhere. Politically, Swaziland is stagnant, yet with a happy sort of stagnation which seems to contain—at least as yet—no urge towards non-tribal forms of government. In this respect it differs from nearly all its neighbouring territories. And the difference arises partly from this sanctuary aspect of a country protected from the more vicious forms of racialism, partly from this survival of a genuine tribal system—but partly, too, from good administration. I met at least five senior colonial servants in Swaziland who have each given some twenty years of unbroken service to a country they manifestly love; and, if they are not very strong on the side of development, they are beyond praise on the side of conservation—and that, once again, is a great deal more than can be said elsewhere.

Of these five colonial servants in Swaziland the one I came to know best, and it was a happy experience to know him, began his service in Swaziland twenty-two years ago, as a lad fresh from school. And fresh and eager he has remained. Every one of these old hands has a Swazi name, taken generally from some obvious quirk of face or character. This one's Swazi name is 'the man with the eyes of a child', which is a good Swazi metaphor for the man who deals straight, the man who does not tell lies. That is the sort of compliment from Africans which white men nowadays receive most rarely. And this happy paternalism in Swaziland, out of step with the times though it may be, struck me as one of the best things worth seeing and possessing in this small land beyond the Transvaal mountains. For the practical alternative, in the circumstances of Africa today, appears to be anything but happy.

—Home Service

'Baby play with nice ball': many will remember Low's famous cartoon with this title—it appeared in August, 1945—showing a scientist holding up an atom in front of a little child labelled Humanity. This is one of the introductory cartoons included in Mr. David Low's latest volume *Low Visibility: A Cartoon History 1945-53* (Collins, 12s. 6d.). The book, which contains some 150 cartoons with a statement under each recalling the matters that inspired it, offers not only a stimulating commentary on the passing scene (mostly in the sphere of international politics) but also the interest that attaches to that commentary in the light of subsequent events.



# The Decline of Germany

By JAMES JOLL

**I**F you had gone to Germany at any time during the past 150 years you would have found people saying: 'It can't go on like this'. German history has been dominated by this sense of instability, this feeling that they have not yet found a firm and appropriate political framework. Of course, this has not stopped German leaders like the Emperor William II or Hitler assuring the German people that they were leading them towards splendid times—'*Ich führe Euch herrlichen Zeiten entgegen*', the Kaiser once said—and promising them that the Reich would last a thousand years. Equally, political instability has not prevented Germany from achieving enormous material, technical, and economic successes, but it has perhaps had an important effect on German cultural life.

## A Black Neurosis

A deep pessimism, a sort of black neurosis, has repeatedly taken possession of the Germans, leading them to the gloomy negations of existentialist philosophy, the *Schadenfreude* of Spengler's assertion of the decline of the west or—and this is the most dangerous—the idea of a *Götterdämmerung*, a final revolution of destruction that will bring the whole world down with it.

So, if you want to understand the political catastrophes of the past in Germany, as well as to see what sort of society exists in Germany today, it is worth looking closely at the relation between political rise and fall and cultural success and failure. The best studies of this kind have been made by the French. Looking warily across the Rhine, they have tried to analyse and understand their phenomenal neighbours whose actions have affected them so intimately. Professor Edmond Vermeil, whose *L'Allemagne Contemporaine\** has recently been published in France, is an old and experienced observer of the pathology of German intellectual and social life; in an earlier book he analysed the cloudy, late-Romantic political ideas that preceded Nazi doctrine, and now he has produced two volumes on Germany in the past sixty years that are the result of a life spent in the study of German ideas and, more important, of practical experience of German society. It is a book which starts all sorts of ideas about the nature of Germany today.

One of the main impulses that led to the demand for a united Germany in the first half of the nineteenth century was a conviction that the great achievements of the Germans in science, philosophy, and literature needed a political structure that would be worthy of the greatness of German civilisation. The paradox was that once political unity had been achieved, the culture it was meant to enshrine largely disappeared. Once the Empire had been created and the material power of Germany was greater than ever before, the Germans began to wonder what they were to do next. Dissatisfaction with a disunited Germany was succeeded by disappointment with a united one. The problems of an industrial society expanding at an enormously rapid rate seemed insoluble: a socialist mass party, which by 1912 had won a third of the votes, faced one of the toughest governing classes in Europe. The feeling of social and intellectual malaise was only appeased—temporarily—by the outbreak of war in 1914. And, after 1918, in the bitterness and material distress of defeat, there was even less chance of resolving the tensions of German life, and, indeed, every excuse for despairing of the possibility of doing so.

The present situation in Germany is full of echoes from the history of the last century and a half. It is in some respects like that in the early 'sixties: politically the Bonn Republic has the makeshift air of something that almost everybody regards as temporary. A Germany that is once more divided—and divided along lines that have nothing to do with the historical divisions of Germany—naturally seems even more intolerable than a Germany that had never been politically united at all. And the Federal Republic is also full of other echoes from later periods—from both the Wilhelmine Empire and the Weimar Republic. It is rather a shock, in fact, to discover similarities with the pre-1914 period in a Germany where all the outward forms of that period have vanished. Yet the similarities are there, for what is most striking in Germany today is the extraordinary economic activity. It is not simply that the

recovery from the black years of 1945-47 is complete and that the ruined cities have come to life again—an operation the Germans, with a touch of smugness, call *das deutsche Wunder*—but the whole economy is booming, the days of classic high capitalism seem to have returned; you get the impression of vast fortunes being made, new markets being won. Herr Krupp has got his money back; Dr. Schacht is said to be founding a new bank. The ostentation, the extravagance, the activity of this high capitalism are things that have not been seen in Europe since the reign of the Emperor William II. And, at the same time, a highly organised bureaucratic trade-union movement is proving as impotent to affect the course of political development as their predecessors of fifty years ago.

Still, while the economic and social situation has certain affinities with that of the Wilhelmine era, and while there are in German nationalism today echoes from the earlier period, it is inevitable that the closest comparisons should be with the Weimar Republic. Bonn, like Weimar, was born of defeat in an atmosphere of collapse, in an atmosphere in which nobody believed that the Republic could last long. But each time there was also the feeling that now anything was possible, that every sort of intellectual, social, and artistic experiment could be tried. Obviously the sense of release in 1945 was far greater than in 1918: it would be absurd to maintain that the Bismarckian Empire was capable of the same wickedness and oppression as the Third Reich. But in both cases there was the same avidity for new ideas to fill the vacuum left by the collapse of an existing culture, a temporary readiness to accept bold new solutions to all sorts of problems. Yet there is one important difference: after 1918 the ideas that were adopted so eagerly—and perhaps uncritically—were ideas that had already been developed and discussed by a minority in Germany itself. What existed after 1918 to a far greater extent than before the war was a public ready to absorb them.

This time, all over Europe, but especially in Germany, what is depressing is the lack of original ideas. For the Germans, indeed, the situation is not so bad. For thirteen years they were completely cut off from the rest of the world, and it is not surprising that they should now be more interested in catching up with what they have missed than in producing new work themselves; it is natural that the book shops should be flooded with translations of foreign books. And this recovery of contact with the outside world has also been a recovery of contact with the German world of twenty-five years ago. If the economic and social conditions recall the Wilhelmine period, it is astonishing how much of German intellectual life recalls the Weimar period.

Professor Vermeil suggests that the figures that dominate the cultural life of the Wilhelmine era, and even of the Weimar Republic, are Nietzsche and Wagner; almost everything that has happened since intellectually is either an extension of their work or a reaction against it. And he suggests that there is a third figure that is typical of the period—Walther Rathenau, the industrialist and writer, who, for all his superficiality as a philosopher, was, more than anyone perhaps, aware of the problems and tensions of German society, the contrast between technical progress and inner purposelessness and nihilism.

## Reactions Against Wagner

Wagner's domination over the taste and sensibility of the generation that succeeded him has been stressed often enough: so has the fact that his nebulous symbolism could be used to provide a commentary on the closing scenes of the Third Reich. The reactions against the Empire were in a sense reactions against Wagner—against the size, the pretentiousness, the richness and extravagance of score and *décor*. Yet Wagner himself represented a reaction against German bourgeois philistinism and saw himself as standing for something nobler, deeper, truer and more all-embracing than anything produced by his contemporaries. So that if *art nouveau* or the *Bauhaus*, plain furniture and bare walls, are in a sense protests against the overfilled rooms, the silk hangings, and heavy perfumed air in which Wagner delighted, they are also perhaps

\* Edition Montaigne (two volumes, obtainable in this country at 17s. 6d. and 21s. respectively)



an expression of the belief in the interrelation of all the arts with each other such as the Master might have approved. Indeed, his closest successors have participated in the reaction. The Wagner family present the music dramas at Bayreuth on an almost bare stage: and Richard Strauss, after pushing Wagner's musical sensationalism to its extreme, ended by turning the Rhine-maidens into the Queens in *Die Liebe der Danae*, and Wotan into a disillusioned and sentimental Jupiter.

Nietzsche, too, represented a reaction against Wagner as well as against the Bismarckian Empire, and nobody was more penetrating in his criticisms of the whole stuffiness of the imperial era. But the influence of Nietzsche could be as dangerous as that of Wagner: not only in the obvious and no-rious ways such as his rhetorical praise of violence and ruthlessness, but also because the cult of the esoteric and obscure could be as disastrous to German politics and society as the cult of force. There was a tendency for German intellectuals to withdraw from active life and spend their time in the pursuit of some romantic ideal or some exotic solution of their spiritual problems. Stefan George, the greatest poet the German Empire produced—for Rilke was the product of the very different cultural situation of the Habsburg monarchy, that 'land fit for geniuses to live in'—devoted his life to the romantic contemplation of the transcendent qualities of a dead boy and to the cult of mysterious virtues by a small group of chosen disciples. It was one of many such groups: a feature of German intellectual life in this period has been the small group pursuing the esoteric: nudists, vegetarians, adepts of eastern religions, anything that would provide an escape from what seemed the vulgar exuberance of the Empire or the dreary hollowness of the Weimar Republic.

### Rathenau, a Typical Figure

Walther Rathenau, the third of the characteristic figures of the Wilhelmine period, was not a man to be compared with Wagner and Nietzsche, either as a personality or as an intellectual force. Yet he is an important and typical figure. He was the heir to a great industrial empire, and was to become an influential politician after 1918; but he also reflected on the problems of industrial society in Germany, and, though his solutions were both superficial and obscure, he saw the nature of the difficulties clearly enough. How could the industrial power of Germany be used to create a sense of solidarity among its citizens? How could the material progress and technical accomplishment be prevented from killing the life of the spirit and the achievements of German civilisation? Or, as he put it, how could the kingdom of the soul be combined with the kingdom of material ends—the *Reich der Seele* be reconciled with the *Reich der Zwecke*? Rathenau's own solutions, as I have said, were not very convincing or practicable: his idea of a solid community of all Germans integrated into a mystical *Reich* entitles him to be called, as Professor Vermeil has done, one of the doctrinaires of the German Revolution.

If Germany was to become a civilised community with a culture worthy of past achievements, something had to be done to remove the malaise from which the intellectuals were suffering and which was driving them into a sort of inner revolt from the life around them. Equally, something had to be done to overcome the sense of political instability that had made the achievement of German unity look so hollow: the Reich needed a purpose, a *raison d'être*, an awareness of solidarity that would not leave the Social Democrats, for instance, feeling, as they did before 1914, that they were excluded from a society run for the benefit of their bosses. And the tragedy of German history in the last fifty years is that the moments when these problems seem to have been resolved were the outbreak of war in 1914 and the upsurge of popular support that followed Hitler's seizure of power.

What is puzzling about modern German society, though, is not perhaps the chauvinism, the mass hysteria and brutality that has so often dominated it, but rather the freedom and vigour of the reaction against it. If you turn the pages of the satirical paper *Simplicissimus*, for example, you will be amazed at the freedom with which the Imperial family was criticised, and the whole political and social system attacked. Even under Hitler the tradition of satirical comment was carried on, and jokes at the expense of the Nazi leaders were passed from mouth to mouth; and in the cabarets of Berlin and Munich today you can hear more pungent political and social criticism than is to be found anywhere in this country. But somehow there was no connection between this sort of acid comment and criticism and effective political action. Just as the devotees of nudism or *Rohkost* failed to affect the society round them, so the political satirists failed to shake the com-

placency and pomposity of the Hohenzollerns or the Nazi bosses. There seems to be no connection between the creative ebullience, the vigorous if sometimes perverse experiments, of the Weimar period, and the political failure that accompanied them; just as it is hard to see why periods of comparative political achievement like the Bismarckian Empire have been marked by a decline in the general standard of artistic and intellectual life. Material progress, political instability: a rigid and stuffy social system and wild romantic ideals: political conformity and the boldest artistic and intellectual experiments—all these have been found in Germany in the past sixty years and have never been reconciled with each other.

Just as there are echoes of past historical situations to be heard in Germany today, so these basic contradictions are still unresolved. The framework of all the previous regimes has broken down: Prussia has been wiped out, and the Prussian aristocracy who did so much to set the tone of Imperial Germany and who held their own even under Weimar, have been decimated by Hitler and expropriated by the Russians. The Germans, in addition to all their other problems, have to find a new *élite*. This is the one thing that it is going to be hard to find in the present situation of instability among the remains of vanished regimes which litter Germany. The industrialists are undoubtedly the strongest single class: unlike the Prussian officer corps, their trust in Hitler was not entirely misplaced and the Nazi regime left their fortunes intact and increased the productive capacity of their factories. It is not yet clear what their relation to the new German society and a reviving German culture is to be, what effect the alliance between the Roman Church and industry will have in a Germany where, for the first time, they are not outweighed by protestant landowners and socialist workers. Are German intellectuals simply going to become again tools of a philistine state? Are they going to retreat into the esoteric dream worlds of the nineteen-twenties? Are their creative energies going to be smothered by the ostentatious bad taste of a new high capitalism? These are the questions one asks anxiously after reading Vermeil's book.

But it is not a subject which one should be smug about. If one complains of the lack of new ideas in German art and literature today, perhaps one ought to be extending one's complaints to cover most of the rest of Europe. Questions about the German failure—cultural or political—resolve themselves with increasing insistence into questions about the decline of the west.—*Third Programme*

*Goethe's Faust* (Oxford, 10s. 6d.) consists of six essays by Professor Barker Fairley, and has the freshness, individuality and zest which the author is wont to bring to his readings of Goethe. The present undertaking is by its very nature slight and opens no new perspectives, although it widens those which made *Goethe as Revealed in His Poetry* (1932) such an illuminating study, in particular the contention that Goethe's dramatic characters are lyrical projections:

They have the immediacy, neither more nor less, of Goethe's own lyrics, of which they are, as it were, the bigger brothers and sisters . . . they have the universality of symbols without at any point betraying the hollowness of symbols, characters emerging, like Venus from the sea, straight out of our known modes of feeling and acting and speaking for all of us and to all of us with the utmost directness.

This clue, with which Professor Fairley unriddled the riddle of 'Tasso' in the past, now guides him through the labyrinth of the most puzzling of all the great poems that have ever been written; and it is a pleasant pastime to stroll with him through its mazes. But poetry yields to philosophy or rather to a philosophy of life in the final essay, dealing with the fifth act of 'Faust II'. Professor Fairley deplores and deprecates the fact that all the greatest poets aspire to tragedy as the highest aim they can achieve; and he marvels that they have proved 'twice as eloquent in sorrow, which confines, as in joy, which enlarges'. The inspirational power proceeding from a tragic conception of life due to the universal nature of sorrow and grief breaks down barriers and is therefore the reverse of confining; but, feeling as Professor Fairley does, it is natural that he should see in 'Faust' with its redeeming fifth act a message of peculiar value to humanity:

The result is a poem unlike all other great poems in its confidence in man, man's self-reliance, his capacity for growth, his future . . . This vision of *Faust* does not establish it as necessarily a wiser poem than its predecessors, but it makes it a powerful corrective. After so many masterpieces that end by closing the door [!] it is valuable to have one that opens it . . . wide, telling us that life, such as it is, is ours to make of it what we can.

Goethe was one of the last great minds of the eighteenth century to believe in the infinite perfectibility of man. In the present age when the infinite perfectibility of engines of destruction alone seems certain, the message that we can make of life what we will wears an ominous aspect. Goethe, with his latter-day vision of daemonism, partly foresaw the disruptive forces man in his self-reliance would unleash.



# The Literary Critic

D. W. HARDING gives the first of six talks on 'The Critic's Tasks'

I HAD better begin by speaking of a function that literary criticism ought not to perform, although much of it nowadays undoubtedly does. I believe that it ought not to spare people the trouble of reading the book—assuming, of course, that it is a book worth reading—and that dubious service it does often render at various levels and in various ways, from the blatant to the very subtle. To take the simplest, there are plenty of people who hold their own in cultured back-chat on the strength of the reviews they read in the intelligent weeklies and the better Sunday newspapers. But the critic can perform the same debilitating service in subtler ways than that. I say he may spare us the trouble of reading the book; I mean really reading it, in the sense of reading it with understanding, and with our own understanding, and of making a fully personal response to it.

## The Poetry of T. S. Eliot

A reader may imagine, for instance, that he has grasped a difficult poem because he has read both the poem itself and some critic's elucidation of it. T. S. Eliot's poetry offers this kind of temptation: in its unpopular days it could just be sneered at and brushed aside; but at the present time it enjoys a vogue, and many people who have no mind for the discipline of reading it repeatedly and attentively, with alert receptiveness, still want to feel that they, too, are getting whatever it is that other people get from Eliot's poetry. And so they turn to one of the very many books about it, and they suppose that by following the elucidation and finding it plausible they have understood the poem. Much of the available commentary is useful, but some of it places such trust in paraphrase (especially paraphrase in terms of religious experience), that it invites mere acquiescence, it leaves the reader satisfied and inert, instead of stimulating him to return to the poetry with an unsettled mind and new questions. I agree with F. R. Leavis when he says that a good deal of this critical commentary tends 'to abet the reader's desire to arrive without having travelled'.

For a healthy contrast to this kind of thing we might look at the criticism that Henry James wrote as a young man in his study of Nathaniel Hawthorne. He gives a very sketchy, imperfect impression of the action and characters of the novels. You certainly would not know enough about them, from reading James, to keep your end up in conversation. What he does give is a sensitive account of aspects of Hawthorne's work that might be overlooked or misunderstood. For instance, a French critic had suggested that the prevailing note in the novels was pessimism and a gloomy preoccupation with the puritan conscience. James, on the other hand, suggests that Hawthorne was more detached; that although he understood his forefathers' puritan conscience—had, in fact, a profound understanding of it—he yet managed to keep it at arm's length and used it imaginatively, as one of the materials of his art. Hawthorne's puritan forebears, he suggests, would have been shocked enough to know that a descendant of theirs was wasting his time writing novels at all; they would have been still more outraged to think that he should turn his fancy loose on anything as vital to them as their conscience and their sense of guilt.

In this way Henry James offers a rather subtle reinterpretation of what is a dominant feature of Hawthorne's work, and if he was right he may have shown us a more complex and a more accurate way of enjoying the novels. But was he right? We can only decide that by reading the novels with his suggestion in mind and deciding for ourselves. Henry James gives us no encouragement to suppose that there is any easier way. That I take to be one test of the critic's usefulness to the reader: whether he gives him opportunity and incentive to read more effectively for himself.

But the serious critic should be of use to authors as well as readers. And the repercussion of criticism on contemporary writing is not limited to the effects of direct criticism of the living author's work: the evaluation and revaluation of past writers may have a decisive effect on the work of the living. The most striking English example this century has been the re-appraisal of John Donne and the other metaphysical poets, and of Dryden—roughly speaking, the recovery of the

non-romantic strand in the English tradition—a re-appraisal that gave vital support to the practice of poets in the nineteen-twenties and -thirties. This function of criticism is going on all the time. What we manage to see in the past helps to determine what will be attempted in the present.

But whether we have in mind the critic's service to the writer or to the reader, it goes without argument that his prime obligation is to understand what he reads. That may sound platitudinous, yet the obligation is often not met. In the simpler forms of book reviewing the critic's understanding is not much exercised; he need be little more than a copy-taster, passing on to the public what he knows its present taste will find acceptable. He has a job in the production-line of the reading-matter industry, and much of his work is simply classifying, labelling, and roughly grading.

But the serious critic has to identify the author's achievement more sensitively. If his function is to help the reader to make effective contact with the work, he needs to know clearly what the author really has done. Without that he cannot help readers to come to the book with appropriate expectations or save them from looking for the wrong thing. Think of the irritation that has been generated and the time that has been wasted by the assumption that a poem ought always to be making a meaningful statement. In fact it need not be doing any such thing. Instead, it may be suggesting a mood or creating a state of mind, perhaps through a succession of phrases, or images, or incidents, which are not meant to be linked into a coherent statement. T. S. Eliot, I believe, says that his poem 'Sweeney Among the Nightingales' was attempting simply to create an atmosphere of foreboding and menace; and, if so, it is a pity to spend too much time puzzling away at the exact relation of Sweeney and Rachel and the lady in the cape and the man in mocha brown. Eliot also pokes fun, gently, of course, at some of the people who have tried to trace an over-elaborate allegory in the poem sequence that he calls 'Ash Wednesday'. In cases like this the critic's job is not to make our reading easy, not to spoon-feed us, but to save us from creating the wrong sort of difficulty for ourselves when we approach an unfamiliar kind of poetry.

## Preparing Us for the Unexpected

It is the same with novels and plays. If you unconsciously assume that all dialogue in novels is being used naturalistically, as, say, Wells or Bennett used it, then it will seem as though there is something wrong with the dialogue in the later novels of Henry James. You cannot enjoy it until you recognise that it is being used for a different purpose. Or again, if you take it that a play which is set in a prosperous London flat and a Harley Street consulting room must be using realistic characters, you will be needlessly annoyed by parts of 'The Cocktail Party'. You will ask, perhaps, 'What is Sir Henry Harcourt-Reilly?'—he seems to be partly a psychiatrist, partly a spiritual director, partly the head of a detective agency that has connections with unspecified supernatural powers. The answer must be that that is just what he is—a mixture of all those things—and he never was meant to correspond with a familiar role in the real world. One of the critic's jobs is surely to prepare us for these unexpected features of a new work. He may—he should—go on to question whether they justify themselves, but he must first make the effort of grasping, and helping us to grasp, what it is that the author has really aimed at.

This is the kind of critical effort that has to go on all the time if new work is to be taken seriously. William Archer had to do it for Ibsen; later critics did it for the German expressionist plays; it has had to be done for James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, T. S. Eliot. It need not lead to adulation of any of these writers; but before we can make a discriminating assessment of their work we have to get beyond the simple hostility or derision that springs from having our preconceptions disappointed. Until we have stopped looking for the wrong thing—the thing that is not meant to be there—we cannot begin to judge the value of what we have been offered.



Critics themselves have failed often enough, through falling victim to their own preconceptions, to show what a difficult task they have. The notorious instance is the critics' reception of Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats; and although it is trite, it does not lose its force as a horrible warning. And it is not only the hide-bound reviewers. Hazlitt was a really excellent critic, and yet see what he said about Crabbe, and how his preconceptions about the proper attitude to country life came in the way of his appreciation. He was unable to accept Crabbe's view of the gloomier realities of the country, and he wrote protestingly: 'He sings the country; and he sings it in a pitiful tone. He chooses this subject only to take the charm out of it, and to dispel the illusion, the glory, and the dream, which had hovered over it in golden verse from Theocritus to Cowper'.

Wordsworth summed up the difficulty that the original writer faces when he said: 'Every great and original writer, in proportion as he is great or original, must create the taste by which he is to be relished'. It is in the better critics that he must hope to create the taste first. Their service to him, then, is not only to put him effectively in touch with other potential readers, but also the simpler and more fundamental human service of showing him that somebody understands what he is trying to do.

### Function of Evaluation

I do not want to suggest that the critic should have an open-armed embrace for everything that offers the appearance of novelty. It goes without saying that the masquerade of fashionable originality is often the very thing that a healthy criticism will expose. This only amounts to saying that besides trying to understand, the critic must exercise his other function of evaluating. Here, again, it is imperative that he should not seem to spare his readers the responsibility of making their own appraisal. He will not, if he is wise, pretend to be the mouthpiece of fixed and unquestionable critical canons. What he has to report are his personal experiences in the presence of the work of art and the judgment he suggests must remain simply a suggestion, to be confirmed or modified by other readers on their own responsibility.

All this might seem to be asking from the critic nothing but an irresponsible expression of his momentary whims. But there are two safeguards against that. The first is that he must, at least implicitly, bring his judgments into relation with one another. If he likes the verse of Christopher Fry he must be prepared to consider what it owes to others—for instance, to T. S. Eliot and Gordon Bottomley; whether their examples have been profitably used and their scope significantly extended, and whether his opinion of Christopher Fry can be harmonised with the opinions he has formed about the others. I do not suggest that he need do this explicitly or even be fully conscious of it. I simply mean that in all his critical activity he is not just having isolated experiences; he is attempting to bring order into them, and give them coherence, allowing them to check one another.

The second safeguard against irresponsibility in the critic's judgment is his obligation to show, as precisely as he can, what his judgment is based on: what features or quality of the work itself and what reference points and comparisons in other literature. He must exhibit the materials for his judgment; I was almost going to say 'provide the evidence', but that might suggest that something like a scientifically correct or a legally proved opinion was possible, and I do not believe that. Exhibiting the materials for a judgment will generally mean giving a very close account of the work, perhaps a really minute examination of parts of it, or a careful discussion, supported by plenty of quotation and comparison, of what may be a very elusive quality. Without this, a critic's judgment is of little real service, either to readers or to authors. It may help to sell the book or prevent the reader from wasting time and money, but it is of no service as criticism. When a critic says of Dylan Thomas' work, 'These poems cannot be reviewed; they can only be acclaimed', that is simply a rapturous gurgling noise; it has nothing to do with criticism unless and until the critic goes on to show much more precisely what it is that he likes. And if adverse criticism is being offered, it is going to be of little use to the author, as guidance or correction, unless again it is tethered closely to identifiable qualities and features of the work.

Undoubtedly this demands intellectual effort from the critic and his readers. But the intellectual analysis has to be of a kind that does full justice to the emotional quality of the critic's experience, not the kind that takes the place of an emotional response. It may well have to take account of the writer's beliefs and convictions—political convictions, perhaps, or religious beliefs—though the account it takes must be in

terms of literary experience. The beliefs may be congenial or uncongenial to the critic. His concern has to be not with the beliefs themselves but with the human experience that they allow the writer to make available to us. The critic who writes about, let us say, the early English carols, whether he is an agnostic or a Christian, need not be much concerned with the doctrines they express, but he must be fully alive to the possibilities of human need and hope and human emotion that they convey. The relation of mother and child, the longing for a saviour, the surge of hope at making a fresh start—things like this may well be given expression in a religious context, but they belong also to the ordinary human experiences of everyday life. The critic's literary assessment ought not to depend on whether he shares the same framework of belief as the writers of the carols, but it must be closely concerned with the human values that the beliefs support.

If a critic is to try accurately to identify and indicate the source of his impressions, he needs a lot of space and a great deal of the reader's attention. To my mind we generally expect literary criticism to cover far too much ground in a given time. The apparent ease of describing themes and plots and characters and treatments creates the illusion that literary criticism allows much easier reference to the work than criticism of the other arts. The concealed inadequacy of paraphrase is always waiting to entrap us. By present conventions it seems out of the question that we should get full and closely documented literary criticism in newspapers and weekly periodicals; only books and the critical quarterlies hold out any hope of the space and leisure that thorough criticism needs.

Anyhow, in a busy life the ordinary reader will not have time for much of the attentive reading and the attentive consideration of critical writing that I have been discussing here. There must be a great deal of literary journalism which has to be a sort of entertainment, a sort of gossip about current literary production, and which fulfils a perfectly acceptable, though perhaps not a very important, social purpose. The serious literary criticism that gradually brings a clearer understanding of a writer's achievement must go on rather laboriously in the back-ground. If one of our great and respected national newspapers had to express itself once again about Eliot's poem, 'The Waste Land', it would not be content to repeat its original judgment that the poem 'is to all but anthropologists, and literati, so much waste-paper'. Its tone would have changed, not because of anything that has happened in its own pages over the intervening years, but because of what has gone on in books with small sales, and obscure quarterlies that have hardly been able to keep alive. It is only in these leisurely forms of critical writing that we can reasonably ask the critic to give his best services. There, perhaps, we can ask that the ideal critic should understand, should help us to understand without spoon-feeding us with some substitute nutriment, should suggest an assessment, and should at the same time show us accurately what aspects of the work have led him to his judgment, so that if we agree we can agree intelligently, and if we differ we can differ precisely and profitably.—*Home Service*

## I Like You But...

I like you but lie to you all, and you never guess.  
'There goes', you say, 'one of the frank. Not a bit  
Shy of old dishonours or ashamed to confess  
What others blush to dissemble, he will sit  
In the bar with us, his heart on his sleeve'. Yes,  
But jackdaws only break their beaks on it.

What I said to her about love, or she to me,  
Is all for your hearing, and your brown eye waters  
With sympathy, for I can afford to be  
Confidential, who make you into porters  
To take loads off my mind. No secrecy  
Is half so safe as publishing three-quarters.

That way nothing is left to be inferred  
From my silence, and you reward me for my showing  
What costs me nothing. O jackdaw world, poor bird,  
To know only what I like to think of you knowing,  
And to take that nailed up weathercock, my word,  
As a sign of the wind, whichever way it's blowing!

JAMES MICHIE



# A Trio of Critics

By PHILIP CARR

THE eighteenth-century French playwright, Destouches, is today remembered for just one line: '*La critique est aisée, mais l'art est difficile*'. He thus delivered himself of a truism: it is easier to find fault than to create. The word 'criticism', in its ordinary sense, certainly does imply some degree of fault-finding and even of hostility. It is, therefore, all the more necessary to understand that the only criticism of the arts which deserves to live, the only one which does indeed live, is that which discovers merits and not defects.

## Sympathetic Appreciation

This sort of criticism is not *aisée* at all. Anatole France has described it as the adventures of a soul among masterpieces; and the only works of the critics of the past in any art, which we still care to read today, are in the nature of sympathetic appreciation. They interpret and analyse, and they express interest and pleasure and enthusiasm—not contempt or anger or disgust. Of course, the newspaper critic, doing his job from day to day, rarely finds masterpieces among which his soul can adventure. When he does not, he may be pardoned if he is witty at the expense of the trivial. It may even be his duty to be severe in denunciation of the artistically base. Some of the wit may be remembered; but the criticism which will live the longest is favourable. It is the only kind of criticism which is creative, and thus deserves to rank as art, which Destouches described as *difficile*.

Judged by this standard, there is no doubt in my own mind about who remains today the most considerable figure among the distinguished critics of the theatre beside whom I myself was striving. It is C. E. Montague. This is the more remarkable because he was not a London dramatic critic at all. He wrote about plays and actors only when they were brought to Manchester, and he could then say in *The Manchester Guardian* what he thought about them. But what he thought was said with such profound sympathy, such scholarship, such unerring artistic instinct, that he can still be read with delight—if you can get hold of the book *Dramatic Values*, which is unfortunately out of print. Above all, it had what always carries away the spectator in any art. It had passion. It revealed in every line a passionate love of the art of drama. Here is what he said about Sarah Bernhardt:

It must be admitted that her faults were rank. They cried to Heaven—when she was not there. Then you saw her act once more, and you felt as if you were looking again at Florence from Fiesole, or at a pheasant's neck, or Leonardo's Mona Lisa, or ripe corn with poppies in it. It was like that when the dying Marguerite tried to stand up to greet Armand, in the last act of '*La Dame aux Camélias*'. Only one actress in Europe—in France or England at any rate—seemed able to conceive, with that energy of sympathy, the enthusiasm of affection. At least, only one could convey it with this sudden fire, that made you see, as with the bodily eye, the whole soul of the one lover leap up with joy at rejoining the other.

And here is a passage, not about a great exponent of romantic acting this time, but of classic—Forbes-Robertson:

That you will see him walk down and especially across the stage is a sufficient reason for going to the theatre. He traverses the air on a raised way, a boldly silhouetted figure of austere handsomeness, stalking nobly in profile. His speech is in the great tradition, without the booming that infested it. The beauty of each gesture and tone is almost abstract in its purity.

Although I was for some years the London dramatic critic of *The Manchester Guardian*, I never worked in Manchester; and I was therefore never really brought into daily—or nightly—contact with Montague, who was much more on the paper than its dramatic critic only. But I got to know him fairly well in two ways. One was that I directed the production, in London, of his play, '*A Hind Let Loose*'. Some people may not know that this delicious fantasy, about a provincial journalist who supplies the leading articles to two daily papers of rival political views without either finding out that he is working for the other, was first conceived and written as a play, before it was turned into the novel which all Montague's admirers have so much enjoyed. What is surprising is that it was not really a very good play. This

magnificent critic, who was steeped in the principles of dramatic art and understood all its subtleties, did not possess by instinct and had not acquired by practice a sense of the theatre as a playwright. That the play did not come out well when I produced it was perhaps partly my fault; for I cannot say that my production was a good one. But the piece never came to life dramatically; and the London managers, who, one after another, had shied away from producing it, were not in fact so very far wrong. Its importance to me was that it enabled me to get to know what a generous and kindly, as well as intellectually stimulating man Montague was.

My other contact with him was of a very different kind. At the beginning of 1915, I was walking along a road behind the battle line in northern France. I was in officer's uniform, and suddenly I found myself smartly saluted by a rather small private, whom at first I did not recognise. It was Montague, who had dyed his hair to conceal his age—he was over sixty—had enlisted in the Sportsmen's Battalion, had been in action and was now in rest billets. He was soon pulled out of the ranks, was persuaded to become an officer, and was put in charge of the *château* where press correspondents were lodged, and were prevented, as far as possible, from finding out what was going on—for that was the military attitude towards the press at the time. But these later duties detracted nothing from the gallantry and determination of Montague's entry into the war.

A dramatic critic of quite another kind was A. B. Walkley. He was one of those graceful essayists of whom the Civil Service then turned out quite a number—Edmund Gosse and Austin Dobson were among them. Walkley's Civil Service branch was the Post Office. I do not think he ever had any great passion for the theatre; and my guess is that if *The Times*, of whose staff he was such a distinguished member, had begun by setting him to write his dilettante musings on some other subject he would have done so just as happily, if only the subject had been literary, and he could have given free rein to his tendency to sprinkle his essays with French allusions. Walkley's notices were always polished; and the rest of us often envied his having so much more leisure than we had to polish ours; for *The Times* went to press a good deal later than other dailies. But the extra allowance could not really account for the balanced brilliance of these notices. They were the most civilised thing in daily journalism.

## No Seat for Walkley

Even the tolerant critic must sometimes condemn; and although Walkley was very tolerant, he now and then failed to praise; and a moment came when Arthur Boucher, then in management at the Garrick Theatre, decided that he had failed once too often, as far as he himself was concerned, and must be taught a lesson. So, at the next first night at the Garrick, Walkley found that there was no seat for him. The following morning, the paper came out with this announcement:

At the first performance of the new play at the Garrick Theatre last night, the representative of *The Times* was refused admission.

From that day onwards, at any rate for several years, *The Times* always insisted upon paying for its critic's seat at every theatre, instead of accepting the invitation of the management, as it and every other paper had always done. It is true that in those days theatres only sent one invitation to each paper, and did not assume, as they apparently do now, that the critic will not put himself out to attend unless he has a second seat and can bring a companion to save him from boredom, and unless the theatre has a special press representative to see that he turns up, and to offer him free drinks when he does.

Walkley was not the only critic to be the object of what at a later time would have been called 'sanctions'. My friend Littlewood was once even dismissed from his post as dramatic critic of the *Daily Chronicle* as the result of pressure brought by the friends of an actor who had not been pleased. I myself was twice a victim. The first time was at His Majesty's, when I found that no seat had been sent to the *Daily News*. However, a seat had gone to a weekly paper which I also

(continued on page 642)



# NEWS DIARY

October 7-13

## Wednesday, October 7

Naval and military forces to be sent to Georgetown, British Guiana, 'to preserve peace and safety' in the colony

United Nations Command in Korea rejects communist request for more time for explanatory talks to prisoners refusing repatriation

British and Egyptian delegations in Cairo again discuss Canal Zone problem

Engineering and Allied Employers' Federation reject claim for a fifteen per cent. wage increase in the industry

## Thursday, October 8

Britain and the United States to hand over to Italy administration of Zone A of Trieste

Conservative Party Conference opens at Margate. Resolution passed supporting Government's policy on competitive television

## Friday, October 9

Constitution of British Guiana suspended

Yugoslavia protests to Britain and America about cession of Zone A of Trieste to Italy

Dr. Adenauer re-elected Federal German Chancellor

## Saturday, October 10

Sir Winston Churchill, making his first speech for five months, addresses Conservative Party Conference at Margate

President Tito says that if Italian troops enter Zone A of Trieste, Yugoslavia will regard it as an act of aggression

Chinese Prime Minister invites U.S.A. to send a representative to Panmunjom to discuss a political conference on Korea

## Sunday, October 11

President Tito calls on United Kingdom and U.S.A. to revoke their decision over Trieste

People's Progressive Party in British Guiana call for general strike

The Revolutionary Tribunal in Egypt sentences to death a former Egyptian police inspector of airfields in the Canal Zone

## Monday, October 12

Yugoslavia proposes conference with the United Kingdom, Italy, and the United States, about Trieste

H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh to visit Canada next summer

U.S.A. agrees to a meeting with communists at Panmunjom on October 26 to discuss arrangements for Korean political conference

## Tuesday, October 13

Foreign Ministers of U.K., U.S.A., and France to meet in London on October 16

Russia asks for meeting of U.N. Security Council on Trieste

Police in British Guiana search homes of leaders of People's Progressive Party



Men of the 1st Battalion the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders embarking on the aircraft-carrier 'Implacable' at Devonport on Saturday for British Guiana. It was announced last week that naval and military forces were being sent to the colony to preserve public order and safety which was being threatened by a communist plot. On October 9 the constitution of British Guiana was suspended and the Governor, Sir Alfred Savage, given emergency powers



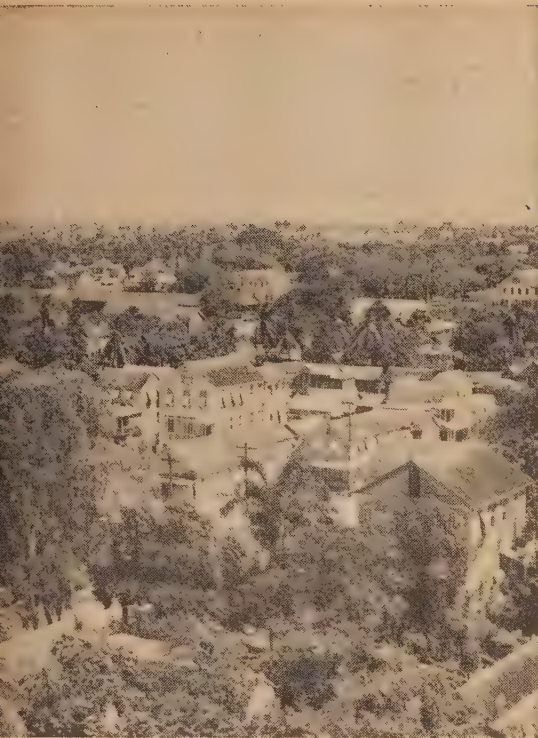
Kathleen Ferrier, the singer, who died on October 8 at the age of forty-one. Widely regarded as the outstanding British contralto, she did not start her singing career until 1940: her operatic debut was made at Glyndebourne only six years later in the first performance of Benjamin Britten's 'The Rape of Lucretia'. International recognition followed rapidly and she appeared at each of the Edinburgh Festivals until her illness last year, and at Salzburg, Amsterdam, and New York. Her performances with Bruno Walter of works by Brahms and Mahler won her particular praise. In the last New Year's Honours she was made a C.B.E., and in June was awarded the Gold Medal of the Royal Philharmonic Society. Miss Ferrier's last public appearance was in 'Orpheus' at Covent Garden in February



Former Chinese prisoners-of-war who had previously exchanged at Panmunjom, Korea, after they had been handed over to the communists at their own request by the Indian Government. One of the prisoners is seen addressing the communist

Right: Alan Oliver, aged 21, with 'Red Admiral' on his jumper of the year at the 'Horse of the Year'





capital of British Guiana. of the Royal Welch Fusiliers 'Superb' and took up guard posts in the town



tion, photographed at the and had been handed authorities. One of the ex-foreground)

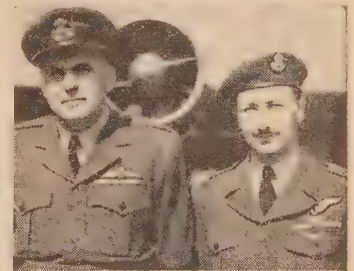
the title of the leading show ngay last week



Firemen turning a hose on Yugoslavs demonstrating in front of the American Embassy in Belgrade after the announcement had been made on October 8 that Zone A of Trieste is to be handed over to Italian administration. On October 12 gangs attacked the British and American reading rooms in the city and assaulted an American information officer



The eight competitors in the 12,000-mile England to New Zealand Air Race, lined up on the runway for the start at London Airport on October 8



Flight-Lieutenant R. Burton and Flight-Lieutenant D. Gannon, who won the speed section of the race in a Canberra jet bomber. The transport section was won by a Royal Dutch Airliner with sixty-four passengers



A photograph taken during the international Association football match at Cardiff on Saturday when England beat Wales by 4 goals to 1



(continued from page 639)

represented, so that the next morning my article appeared as if nothing had happened, and the theatre did not even get the advertisement of a scandal. The second time was in Paris, where the secretary of the author-manager, Henri Bernstein, intimated to me that M. Bernstein would like to invite me to his next play, as usual, but had not been very happy about the tone of my recent criticisms of his work, and would like to have my assurance that it would be modified. I need hardly say that he did not get any assurance at all.

Among all the critics whom I have known, the one who had the greatest influence on the development of the English theatre was certainly William Archer, though I doubt whether his criticisms will continue to be read, as will those of Montague. They show none of Montague's passionate love and understanding of drama and acting. Indeed, one may almost say that there was no passion in Archer. He was a tall, taciturn, and rather dour Scotsman, who did not put on evening clothes for first nights, as the rest of us did, and sat reading a book in his stall during the intervals, instead of going into the foyer for a chat and a drink. But his devotion to the theatre was there, as his long and faithful service to it showed; and the importance of that service was unquestionable. It was he who introduced Ibsen to London, both by the translations which he and his brother made of the plays and by his action as a critic. It was his support which really made Pinero, in that phase when he ceased to be merely a writer of farces and aspired to be a serious dramatist.

Indeed, there was at one time a curious contest between Archer and another critic, G. E. Morrison, of the *Morning Post*. Morrison, who was also a Scotsman, was a determined advocate of J. M. Barrie, and rather tended to run down Pinero, of whom he once wrote: 'They say he understands women. It should have been actresses'. Archer, on the other hand, was critical of Barrie and championed Pinero, until he reserved his highest eulogies for Bernard Shaw. Incidentally, it may be said that, apart from his activities as a dramatic critic, he was a stern propagandist for simplified spelling, and ran a society to promote it. It was probably he who converted Bernard Shaw to it, and was therefore partly responsible for Shaw's impracticable testamentary disposition in the matter.

I have said that Archer did not possess Montague's passionate understanding of dramatic art; but, curiously enough, his one play showed an instinct for writing for the stage which Montague lacked. It was an effective melodrama, which Archer said came to him, almost complete, in a dream. It was about a very modern Indian prince; and the considerable sum of money which it brought to Archer, who had been a poor man all his life, was often quoted—and notably by Bernard Shaw—as a typical example of the unfair incidence of income tax on the

earned income of a man who makes money only once, and then has an important part of it taken away, as if he had been earning a large income regularly. I knew Archer well, as he lived in my house for several years, when he was not down in the country helping his wife manage their small home for mental cases. I have cause to be grateful to him, for he recommended me as his successor to the post of London dramatic critic of *The Manchester Guardian*.

Dramatic criticism is hamstrung today by the paper shortage, which leaves the critic no space to express any serious view, so that the only ones who can spread themselves at all are those of the two principal Sunday journals. I have heard it said that daily paper critics are also hampered by having to write rapidly as soon as the performance is over, and that it would be desirable to adopt the French system of the *répétition générale*. This is a last dress rehearsal before an audience of guests, among whom critics are included on the understanding that no notice appears until twenty-four hours later, after the first public performance. This system, if adopted here, would, it is argued, give the critic more time to form a considered opinion. Well, I have lived in France and seen the system at work there, and I do not agree. Indeed, it is almost extinct even in France. For Parisian managers have come to the conclusion that this invited but by no means always friendly audience of jealous professionals and bored *habitués* sometimes inspires the critics to condemn a play without being able to watch the reaction of the ordinary paying public to it.

But my chief reason for not agreeing with the system of the *répétition générale* is quite other. During my years of active dramatic criticism in London I worked for both a daily and a weekly paper; and I found that my daily paper notice was always better than the one I wrote after thinking it over—assuming that either was good. The former was indeed often hurried. I had to compose the opening sentence in my head as I drove from the theatre, and I had to write continuously as soon as I entered the office, especially as I was allowed, on important occasions, to run to a column or more. And yet my notice, written in this extempore way, always pleased me better than the second one, written later. The theatre is an immediate, a living, and an evanescent thing; and the immediate impression of it is what really matters.

It is true that Archer wrote his weighty and valuable articles at leisure for a weekly newspaper, *The World*; but he often confessed to me that the short notes, which he scribbled hurriedly the same night in the London office of *The Manchester Guardian*, were more alive. Walkey wrote for a daily newspaper, and therefore the same night, though, as I have explained, he had fairly ample time. But Montague had to write at high pressure, with machines clanging around him, and with that smell of printer's ink which, to every true journalist, is the sweetest of perfumes and the finest of inspirations and tonics.—*Third Programme*

## The Age of Dissent

(continued from page 625)

We face, from the leaders of the people we rule, a strong demand that we should give to them what we highly value for ourselves. And many find this crusade to get rid of British rule at worst offensive, and at best difficult to understand. But understand, I plead, we must. We are not required to agree. We are required to understand. Without a genuine, costly effort to understand, great damage could be done and great chances lost; with understanding, friendship and partnership are possible.

Only two attitudes are now open to us in Nigeria. Granted that some form of self-government is inevitable in the very near future, we can either support it, wish it well, and do all we can to make it succeed, or we can hope it will fail and get quiet satisfaction when the mistakes are made. That is another division made by Nigerians—into expatriates who hope self-government will succeed and into expatriates who hope it will fail.

Meanwhile the main burden in a delicate and difficult, and often thankless, situation falls on our colonial civil servants. I have seen these men at work and I cannot find praise too high for most of them. Theirs is the difficult task of so handing over control that self-government will be given every chance of success. And how well many of them are doing it! Imagine that you have had complete charge of a department for a population of 5,000,000. You have learned the job from the bottom. You have been at it for twenty years. You have given your best. Your word has been law. Suddenly, over your head, a Nigerian is put in

charge, and you become his servant, required to carry out his policy. The new broom may try to sweep clean; you may be pledged to a programme you know cannot be fulfilled; worse, one who has been under authority is given power that may go to his head. Here is a situation that may well call forth the worst in an expatriate—or the best. And here the tradition of our civil service comes to its own. It is a tradition in which, having stated one's objections to a proposed policy, and offered one's expert advice, one goes on loyally to obey the person in authority—be he black or white, wise or unwise—or resign. That tradition is on trial in a colony passing to self-government.

Pandit Nehru, who suffered a good deal of imprisonment at British hands during his struggle for self-government in India, is reported to have said that countries throwing off British rule should try to retain for a time British civil servants. That tribute to a fine service from such a source is worth pondering in Nigeria today. I believe that tribute will be paid in Nigeria and paid, not only for good work done in the past, but for the far more difficult work to be done in the next few years as the rulers hand over control to, and serve, those they have ruled. The chief demand from us will be for understanding a point of view so easily unpalatable to us—and it must be an understanding of the heart and not only of the head. The next will be for support and help in a venture which will sorely task the best that the best Nigerians have to give.—*Home Service*



# The Efficiency of American Church Life

By Canon JOHN WADDINGTON

**I**N the *American Church Year Book*, recently published, it was shown that three out of every five men, women, and children belong to one or another of the churches. Church membership in the United States reached an all-time record of 92,000,000 last year, which represents a gain of over 3,500,000 over the previous year: that is an unprecedented growth of four per cent., outstripping the population increase by two and a half times. This increase is accompanied by a new peak in the number of churches and clergy. Incidentally, the recently published statistics reveal that more than nineteen per cent. of the population of the United States are Roman Catholics, and the members of other branches of the Church, together labelled Protestant, form nearly thirty-five per cent. of the population.

## Large, Appreciative Congregations

In view of these figures, together with the fact that in any community in America there are not usually as many church buildings as you will find in a similar-sized community at home, and the fact that church-going is largely concentrated into the morning services, it is not surprising that my impression, during a visit to the United States from which I have just returned, was of extremely large congregations. And how those congregations love sermons and how keen they are to comment on the sermon to the preacher! In Washington Cathedral, for example, where I preached a few Sundays ago, a great queue of people formed after the service, and on a lovely Sunday morning were content to wait patiently while they all filed past and shook me by the hand and said a word or two of greeting and appreciation, a procedure which lasted nearly half an hour. This is common enough, apparently, in America although it was something new in my experience.

A word about finance: the American churchgoer has been brought up with the idea that he must pay for his religion if he wants it, unlike a good many Englishmen, especially we Anglicans, for whom so much has been done by past generations that for the most part we have not really faced up to this question of sacrificial giving. I was astonished by the annual budgets of the churches I visited. There was an Anglican Church in Harlem for example, where an entirely Negro congregation, mostly working people on the lower wage level, has an annual budget amounting to \$70,000—approximately £23,000. Last year, in addition, it made a special effort to build a new organ and raised an extra £13,000 for that purpose. So I looked into the sums of money raised as a whole by the Anglican or Episcopal Church, as they call it. It is one of the smaller churches in the States, with less than 2,000,000 communicant members, although it wields an influence out of all proportion to its size. I discovered what to me seemed an amazing fact in comparison with the standard of giving in the Church of England at home: the total receipts of the Episcopal Church in 1952 were \$91,500,000—over £30,000,000. Even allowing for the present exchange value of the pound and for the higher wages on the other side of the Atlantic, this is nevertheless giving on a splendid scale.

The method used is for every member of a church to be canvassed by a lay member of the congregation in November or December. The purpose of the canvass is to invite every church member to sign a pledge card indicating the two amounts they are willing to give each Sunday, the first for the support of their home church and the second for the work of the Church outside the parish. They are generally willing to do this, so that every treasurer knows exactly what church income he is likely to get during the current year. If the church member falls behind in his promised payment he is sent a bill to remind him of his pledge. Incidentally, the income tax authorities allow up to fifteen per cent. of income free of tax if it is given to church and other charities. That indeed is a stimulus to generous giving which I wish our own Government were able to emulate.

It is not surprising that with such good incomes the churches in large communities are most lavishly equipped with splendid buildings, which are not in the least like our sometimes rather dismal parish halls. In the towns these buildings include beautifully furnished rooms for study groups and meetings, offices for each member of the staff, a hall con-

taining a really professional stage, possibly a gymnasium, and certainly a kitchen most splendidly equipped with a refrigerator and a dishwasher—indeed with every modern labour-saving device, ample enough to serve a banquet if necessary. Because the Americans love to eat out, something approaching a banquet, and called a church supper, is a most common feature of American church life. Such extensive buildings and the busy programme of activities for which they are used make it necessary for a large church to possess an impressively large staff of people. One I visited, a Presbyterian church, had a weekly wage bill amounting to £300 a week. The rector or minister and any assistant he may have will each have the services of a full-time secretary, very necessary in view of the large use made of the mail in circulating church members.

Publicity methods used by the Church are first class. A business manager will direct the general administration of 'the plant', as they call it. There may be a director of the gymnasium, and in every church I visited there was a full-time director of religious education to organise the work of the Sunday schools. These are on a much larger and more efficient scale than any I have seen in our own country, using the latest equipment and educational methods in a really big way. Indeed, religious education of the young is a matter of high priority in every branch of the American Church. Perhaps that is because no religious instruction of any kind is allowed in the state schools. Consequently, it is to the churches that the parents in Christian homes must look to provide for the teaching of the Faith to their young people.

Another feature of American church life which impressed me was the strength of the Oecumenical Movement by which the various branches of the Church, with the exception of the Roman Catholics, are able to grow together and to co-operate in many ways. We are growing more used to this kind of co-operation at home, and are familiar with united services to commemorate great national occasions, such as the Coronation. But united services in America are much more frequently held. It seemed to be the regular thing for the churches of different denominations in some towns to combine for joint services on weekdays in Lent, for example, and this is also done by many of them on Sundays in the summer months to enable the clergy in turn to take a holiday.

So much for my impressions of American church life in general. If I have painted it in colours too rosy, it must be remembered that there is no doubt a less favourable side of the picture known only to those who are working on the spot. I daresay the American clergy, like the rest of us, have their problems and disappointments. Some of them, I know, wonder whether their churches are not just a little too efficient and well organised, so that things that really matter in church life sometimes take second place to the social programme.

Now let me recall a few personal high lights of my visit. There was the charming young Episcopalian clergyman straight from college whom I met on the ferry between Long Island and the mainland. He was just going to his first job, the charge of a mission district in a developing village in Connecticut. He had obtained a full-time job as a labourer in the only factory in the village, where most of the men worked. He felt the only way to get to know the men in his parish was to work alongside of them. He was just one of the many American clergymen I met who impressed me by their quality. I was glad to discover, too, that there is a plentiful supply of ordination candidates in training, and last year the number of Anglican clergy increased by 153 to the largest total ever recorded.

## National Cathedral

Then I shall never forget my week among the Negroes at Harlem where a magnificent work is being done, nor my Sunday at the splendid national cathedral at Washington which was begun in 1907 and is still far from being completed. In a country where so much is being spent on creating new weapons of destruction, it was good to see the loving care which is being bestowed on the creation of this great edifice built to endure throughout the ages as a centre of spiritual life, encircling the nation at its very heart, and proclaiming to all, in strength and beauty, the message of God to man.—*From a talk in the Home Service*



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# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## Memories of Hilaire Belloc

Sir,—Thirty-three years ago I proposed a motion in the Cambridge Union advocating an increase in the power of the Crown. My supporter was Hilaire Belloc. The motion had been framed to suit the distinguished visitor who had recently published a book on the subject, and I was quite happy to propose it in order to discover whether I had any precise views on the matter or not. My generation had been brought up on Shaw, Wells, Chesterton, and Belloc, and I remembered how delighted I had been with the last named's pungent articles and satiric verse in the *New Witness* before the first world war. During that war, whilst I was in France, I read Belloc's articles in *Land and Water* in which he liquidated the Austrian army in a brilliant literary campaign some years before history disposed of it in its own way, and this taught me (what youth finds hard to believe) that wit and persuasiveness and sound argument are not necessarily the same things. But that was a small matter. Here he was in the ample flesh, a great contemporary publicist and man of letters.

I made my own futile speech and was followed by the honourable opposer who (if I do not flatter myself) made one of equal value. Then the Master arose, and what we had said was immediately forgotten. He was (as Mr. Mackintosh puts it), 'the giant, the Homeric, invincible warrior—scornful, pleading, incisive, and scathing by turns'. He ridiculed the footing 'democracy' in which the honourable opposer had placed his faith, and exalted the magnificence, the prestige, and the high-handedness of the Throne and pleaded for the 'responsible' power of the Crown in place of the 'irresponsible' power of the politicians and the people.

I had settled down to enjoy this feast of polemics and to watch my supporter carry our flag to victory, when suddenly I realised that what I was listening to was not a plea for an extension of the power of the British Crown in the interests of a healthy balance of forces. That was quite incidental. What Belloc was doing with all his eloquence was to assert the paramountcy, the unchallengeable, inviolable claims of authority as the ultimate good. He spoke much of 'freedom', but it was the freedom to fight, to laugh, to love, to hate, to drink, to eat, to roister—even to rebel—within territory hemmed in by an iron, if invisible authority. The pretension of humanity to be in any way self-determining he laughed to scorn; the offenders he racked with his wit like a divinely appointed torturer. His words were crackling faggots; his eyes blazed with fires of coal (the victims, I felt, would have welcomed it as a merciful release if haled prematurely before a higher—and perhaps more merciful—tribunal). (If anyone thinks this a misconception, let him read, or re-read, Belloc's forgotten novel, *The Green Overcoat*, in which an unfortunate professor, whose only crime is that he has dared to think for himself, is hounded to his doom through page after page and chapter after chapter of ridicule and obloquy.)

When the division was taken, I voted against the motion I had introduced and was relieved that it was lost by a large majority.

About the end of the last war, Hesketh Pearson and Hugh Kingsmill paid a visit to Belloc at King's Land. He told them, in passing, that he was very sorry for the Jews for he liked

them and had many Jewish friends. It turned out that the Jews he was sorry for were not the victims of Hitler's persecutions but the whole Jewish race which was doomed to eternal punishment for its part in the Crucifixion! Belloc was full of pity, but it was the pity of the spectator watching suffering in whose cause he acquiesced, not the compassion which identifies itself with the victim and fights with him against judge or tormentor, however mighty. The closest parallel to Belloc's attitude, I suggest, is to be found in Joseph le Maistre or Kafka's *The Castle*.

Mr. Mackintosh has paid his tribute to Belloc's memory. The Master would be pleased with it if he were alive (most of all, perhaps, with the reference to the 'little dogs who dirty the corners of great houses'—a piece of broadly aimed derogation after his own heart). What I wish to do is not to gainsay most of what Mr. Mackintosh has said in Belloc's praise but to offer my own small reminiscence as a slight corrective.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

VICTOR PURCELL

## 'Encounter'

Sir,—In his review of the first number of *Encounter* (THE LISTENER, October 8), Mr. A. J. P. Taylor states that the five philosophers whose names are printed on the cover of this magazine, as chairmen of the Congress for Cultural Freedom, are 'all five . . . philosophers in a now out-moded sense. That is, they all pontificate about man's duty and his place in society. One of them is also a brilliant writer, but this is an accident. His name is Bertrand Russell. The unreadable four it is unnecessary to name'.

Mr. A. J. P. Taylor is an Oxford don, and a famous historian. He is also well known to thousands of listeners and televisioners for the responsibility of his utterances and appearances. It therefore seems coy of him to withhold from his admirers the names of the unreadable philosophers who are out-moded because they remain interested in man's duty and his place in society. It is to the interest of Mr. Taylor's reputation as a university teacher and universal broadcaster of his views, to name the unnameable ones. They are: Karl Jaspers, Salvador de Madariaga, Jacques Maritain, and Reinhold Niebuhr.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.8

STEPHEN SPENDER

## A Book on Ants

Sir,—While I must accept Dr. Yarrow's strictures (THE LISTENER, October 8) with regard to misprints in my book *Ants*, including the transposed maps, which are being corrected in the reprint, he has grossly exaggerated their number. He is right also about the beetle mimic.

The simple classification I use for the British ants is based on the fact that a large range of intermediate forms exist between some of the ants hitherto termed separate species, some of which interbreed. Under these circumstances it is preferable to treat such series as a single species. Likewise the characters cited in the key were chosen because they are the easiest to identify. The simple illustrations are intended solely to high-light these differences in the characters chosen, for the amateur. To go by the

letters I have received, they seem to be proving effective. All but two of the English names used are historical. Cocoons do occur in the Myrmecines. The drawing referred to was that of a Myrmecine despite the fact that only a single petiole can be seen through the enveloping skin.

Finally, I find it odd that behaviour which is surely the *raison d'être* of all ant study and which forms the central theme of the book, was not even mentioned.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3 DEREK WRAGGE MORLEY

## Southern African Music

Sir,—The Rev. Michael Scott has perhaps unwittingly confirmed what I maintained in my broadcast (THE LISTENER, Sept 24) that Africans frequently sing their politics, and Nyasaland is no exception. It appears that I failed to make one point clear. It was known that African school-teachers had been teaching anti-Federation songs to Nyasa school-children in spite of the fact that they are supposed to be strictly non-political in their school work. It was not clear, however, from the evidence I had been able to collect that the common people, as opposed to the white-collar class, had been singing Federation songs, either for or against it.

It is gratifying to learn that the Rev. Michael Scott is anxious that political opinions should not unduly influence the study of African music and its application to social welfare. He need have had no such anxiety on my behalf. He, above all, is in a position to know how political activities have unduly influenced his own good work as a clergyman for the African spiritualities.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

HUGH TRACEY

## Christian Thinking in Nigeria

Sir,—I read Professor James Welch's remarks under the above heading with much interest. But, I ask, why does he give his readers the impression that he thinks the *Benedicite* to be an Anglican composition? The hymn is believed to have been Aramaic, or an Aramaic version of a lost Hebrew narrative. (See article by N. D. Coleman on 'Additions to the Book of Daniel', in the S.P.C.K. *New Commentary* edited by Gore, Goudge, and Guillaume.) Coleman says that the hymn dates from Maccabean times and that it may be an expansion of Psalm cxlviii.

If Professor Welch thinks it legitimate to 'Africanise' the *Benedicite* by changing 'ice and snow' to 'waving palm trees', he should, of necessity, also apply the same method to the *Psalter*, for instance to such verses as: 'He giveth snow like wool: and scattereth the hoar frost like ashes. He casteth forth his ice like morsels; who is able to abide his frost?' This English rendering is a word-for-word translation of the Hebrew words, except that the last word, 'frost', would be more accurately interpreted by the word 'cold', which has been done in the Revised Version.—Yours, etc.,

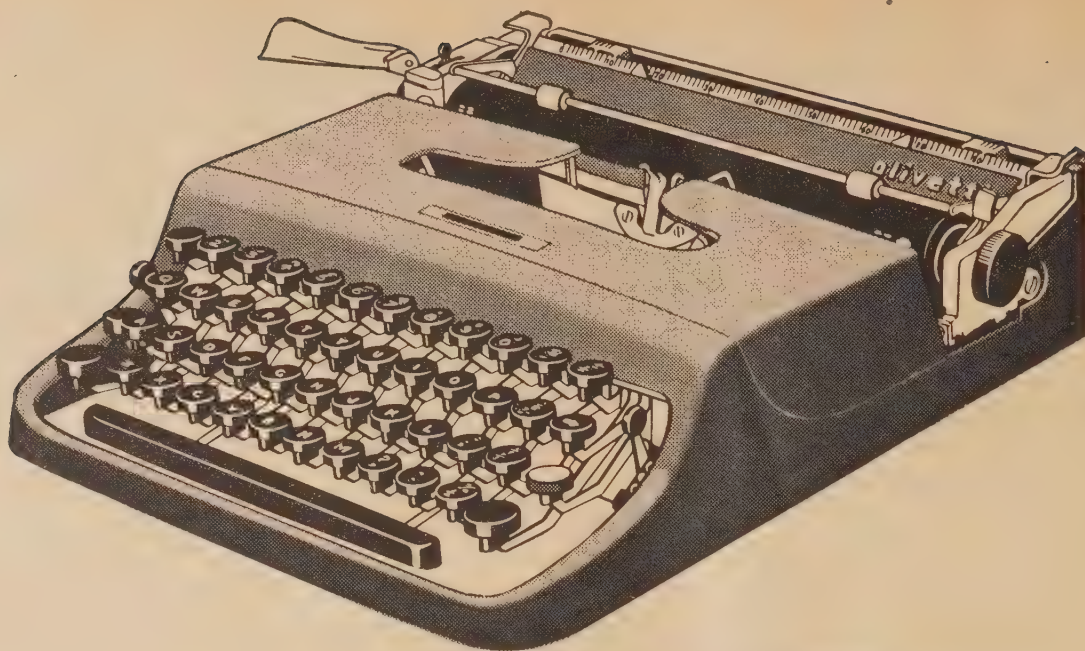
Dublin

T. J. JOHNSTON

## Traveller Incognito

Sir,—I was most interested to hear Michael Ayrton's delightful talk about my great-grandfather, Karl Baedeker. It would, however, be wrong to assume that—dismayed by the noise





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of motor-cars, and the roaring of express trains and jet-airliners—Karl has settled down in some mystical refuge, far from the world of the 1950s. It is true that he had to take an unwelcome rest during the war years when his firm was reduced to a heap of rubble. But as soon as normal conditions returned to the world, what else could he, the indefatigable, do but set out again to survey towns and countries? There is, for instance, no doubt that in 1951, apart from travelling in Germany, he visited London, as there is a 1951 edition of his guide to that town. And there are reports that he is now in Paris revising the guide which he first published ninety-three years ago.

Yours, etc.,  
OTTO BAEDEKER

London, N.W.3

Sir,—Mr. Ayrton's entertaining speculations concerning the Baedeker saga (*THE LISTENER*, October 8) did not refer to the rare occasion when Karl lifted the veil to reveal one of his own heroic exploits. This was the first ascent of the Silberhorn, recounted in the seventh edition of 1877 as follows:

The *Silberhorn*, once deemed inaccessible, was ascended for the first time on 4th Aug., 1863, by Ed. v. Fellenberg and the Editor . . . The party started from the Bellevue Hotel . . . at 4 a.m., traversed the *Eiger* and *Guggi Glaciers*, ascended the *Schneehorn* to the right, and crossing the N. slope of the *Jungfrau*, attained the summit of the Silberhorn at 4.30 p.m. The next night was passed on the precipitous E. icy slope of the Schneehorn, not one of the party venturing to close an eye.

One may doubt whether Karl wore his double-breasted grey tweeds for the ascent, but the only hint as to his costume is the advice in the introduction that a piece of green crape will protect the eyes from the glare of the snow.

Yours, etc.,  
B. H. KEMBALL-COOK

Repton

### Jungle Postman

Sir,—Here is an extract from Ibn Battuta: *Travels in Asia and Africa* 1325-1354, translated by H. A. R. Gibb (Routledge, 1929), to compare with 'Jungle Postman' in which Norah Burke (*THE LISTENER*, October 8) claimed that the postal service was established nearly 200 years ago by Clive. It will be seen that six centuries ago the postal service had extraordinary jobs to perform, and it is interesting to think that the bells on the postman's stick are rather the survival of a custom than a protection against animals. Clive probably took over and adapted what he found.

In India the postal service is of two kinds. The mounted couriers travel on horses belonging to the sultan with relays every four miles. The service of couriers on foot is organised in the following manner. At every third of a mile there is an inhabited village, outside which there are three pavilions. In these sit men girded up ready to move off, each of whom has a rod a yard and a half long with brass bells at the top. When a courier leaves a town he takes the letter in the fingers of one hand and the rod with the bells in the other, and runs with all his might. The men in the pavilions, on hearing the sound of the bells, prepare to meet him, and when he reaches them one of them takes the letter in his hand and passes on, running with all his might and shaking the rod until he reaches the next station, and so the letter passes on till it reaches its destination. This post is quicker than the mounted post. It is sometimes used to transport fruits from Khurasan which are highly valued in India; they are put on plates and carried with great speed to the sultan. In the same way they transport the principal criminals; they are each placed on a stretcher and the couriers run carrying the stretchers on their heads.

Yours, etc.,  
C. P. H. WILSON

Thetford

### 'Napoleon at St. Helena'

Sir,—As the translator of *Napoleon at St. Helena*, so admirably reviewed on the Third Programme by Dr. Pieter Geyl (*THE LISTENER*, October 8), I would like to say that the deep-purple passage of the introduction whose omission he deplored was translated by me in full and arbitrarily cut by the editor, without my knowledge.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.5

FRANCES HUME

### Hand and Flower Press

Sir,—I am sorry to find your reviewer (*THE LISTENER*, October 1) suggesting that the Hand and Flower Press books 'would be even more useful if somewhere they included brief accounts of their authors'. Why would they? This potted-biography convention ('educated at Winchester and New College, married with two children, is at present working with a firm of publishers'; 'educated at Mansfield Grammar School and Oxford, now works for the British Council in Sweden'; 'no education, sleeps in disused railway coach, lives by poaching and blackmailing relatives') began as a fairly-harmless gimmick, but by now has become so widespread and farcical that each new example seems a parody of the whole genre. All a reader has a right to be told is what other work a writer has published; the author who supplies more can be suspected of vanity, the reader who expects more of illegitimate curiosity—or else of that well-known attitude, tell me who it's by and I'll tell you if it's any good.

Yours, etc.,

The Queen's University, PHILIP LARKIN  
Belfast

### Portraits from Memory

Sir,—Bertrand Russell says 'there was something rather prim about Santayana', and describes him as 'suave, meticulous in his ways, and seldom excited', but his indictment of the Germans in his *Egotism in German Philosophy* is left out of the portrayal. In this book Santayana does not pull his punches.

Yours, etc.,

Castle Douglas

W. F. BAIRD SMITH

Sir,—It was interesting to learn from Bertrand Russell's portrait of George Santayana that the chapter on 'The Philosophy of Bertrand Russell' in *Winds of Doctrine* did, in fact, influence his thought.

Santayana was a stimulating critic. It is a pity he did not write more literary criticism. His essay on Dante in *Three Philosophical Poets* first quickened my interest in *The Divine Comedy* which I read earnestly and uncomprehendingly for the Cambridge Tripos. It seemed to me then that being, so to speak, bilingual in religion he made a good interpreter of Catholicism to Protestants, though Bertrand Russell does not find him so.

But Santayana is worth reading for his style alone. It has poetry as well as wit, as is evident even in his titles and chapter headings. He is often at his best in his autobiography, especially the first volume, *Persons and Places*. The question of his boots is not really relevant.

Yours, etc.,

Dundrum

SHEILA PIM

Sir,—Mr. Laing tells us that what Shaw did get was 'several injections of liver hormones'. In the first place, there are not any liver hormones; and I am amazed that Mr. Laing, who apparently considers himself well enough versed in physiology to criticise Pavlov, should be unaware of this elementary fact. In the second place, how does Mr. Laing think that the effectiveness and non-toxicity of the preparation used by Shaw

had been established prior to injection? By cogitation, or by animal experiments?

Yours, etc.,

University of Aberdeen HOWARD LEES

Sir,—Mr. Allan M. Laing sees no contradiction in Mr. Shaw's abhorrence of the slaughter of animals for food and his complacency over their slaughter for his clothing. Apparently, what was convenient for the vegetarian Shaw was good but what was convenient for meat eaters, evil.

Now that George Orwell is no more it might be instructive to have Mr. Laing's opinion of the animals' point of view; and he might add a rider explaining Mr. Shaw's support of the Soviet slaughter of political opponents for neither clothing nor food—but presumably for some other convenience.—Yours, etc.,

London, E.C.4

MARK HAYMON

### Spotting the Winner

Sir,—As the recent correspondence concerning methods of calculating train speeds arose from my talk in the Home Service (an excerpt from which was printed in *THE LISTENER* of September 3), perhaps you will allow me to admit that I have always found these bump-counting methods unsatisfactory. I never feel certain that I am counting correctly: often I suspect that a count or bump has been missed. Then, again, there is always uncertainty when passing over points. I am inclined to think that these methods are useful only on night travel; and, anyway, one never seems to get interesting speed figures in the dark.

May I submit that, for the amateur, the 'cumbersome' quarter-mile calculations are at least accurate. If one misses a quarter-mile post, as often happens near a station, one can easily adjust the figures. It all boils down, of course, to the simplest of all formulae: distance divided by time equals speed.—Yours, etc.,

Richmond, Surrey L. ELLIOTT FLETCHER

Sir,—Regarding Mr. Elliott Fletcher's talk entitled 'Spotting the Winner' (*THE LISTENER*, September 3), I would strongly recommend him, and his supporters, to acquaint themselves with developments in steam railway locomotion in America during the last ten years. I can assure him that 'Mallard's' performances such as 126 m.p.h. down a bank of 1 in 200 with only 235 tons behind the tender would not be sensational over there, when they have steam locomotives able to draw 915 tons of train at 110 m.p.h. (on the level) with only 5 ft. 10 ins. diameter wheels, also maintaining an average of 69 m.p.h. for over 400 miles including six intermediate stops, with over 400 tons of train, as compared to 'Mallard's' 58 m.p.h. for 392 miles nonstop. During the 1948 trials the G.W.R. 'King George V' locomotive, prototype of what is easily the finest class of passenger locomotive ever produced in Britain (especially in relation to acceleration and climbing steep gradients) made the fastest exits ever known out of King's Cross for such a load. During these tests and the preliminaries, the 'Mallard' suffered no less than three major breakdowns. As regards the 'Mallard' treating the London suburbs with real Scottish contempt, I would like to inform him that 'Mallard' was built at Doncaster, and the boiler and front end design owed far more to Mr. Churchward of the G.W.R. than it did to anybody else. Mr. Churchward was the one man who revolutionised the British locomotive, and would make it at least the equal of those in the U.S.A. were he alive today.

The schedules of steam-hauled trains in Britain today under nationalisation are lower than they have ever been during the past fifty years, far below those of the U.S.A.—Yours, etc.,  
Avonmouth H. C. ROWLEY



## “In my end is my beginning”

So Mr. T. S. Eliot said—and rightly. Where you begin determines where you end up. Begin with the world and you finish there. Begin with God and the horizon is moved far back, beyond the confines of this world. But how begin there?

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## “In the beginning—God”



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*Begins on October 23rd in the*

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# Round the London Art Galleries

By BASIL TAYLOR

**A**CCIDENTALLY, no doubt, this month's exhibitions are dominated by the world of work and the landscape of industrialism. There are Josef Herman's Burgundian or Israeli peasants and farmers (Roland, Browse and Delbanco), George Fairley's miners (Gimpel), L. S. Lowry's Lancashire and Cheshire (Lefevre), and Nan Youngman's South Wales valleys (Leicester). Herman is not only by far the best of these artists, but his latest show supports the evidence of his fine mural on the South Bank—he is among the best painters working here. No one but Matthew Smith in this country has identified himself so fruitfully with the human figure, has used it so surely and expressively as a vehicle of feeling. And in spite of his statement that 'I reject story in painting, but I accept sentiment', it is his sentiment rather than the subject's which gives authority to his work. He is not surpassed by his master Permeke in his understanding of human action and behaviour, but he does not yet achieve that artist's identification with the subject's spirit. As with Permeke the paint gives immense enrichment to a simple repertory of ideas and subjects, adding not only a great formal richness but much suggestiveness, even ambiguity. How much indeed is added by the pigment can be judged from the drawings, which, able and lively as they are, are yet only a bare synopsis of the human actions and interactions with which he concerns himself so passionately in his pictures. Herman's chief weakness is a tendency sometimes to lapse into a kind of folksy pawkiness. It is as if he were straining to become a more 'popular' artist than his talent and interests allow (and then the scale of the feeling falls below the scale of the design).

Fairley's pictures, it must be said, suffer in comparison. More explicit and rhetorical, they lack Herman's fineness of observation and technique. To use a word which Herman has printed in his catalogue, 'the subject-matter' is not 'through a deep-rooted intimacy with the painter's imagination, one with his artistic image'. Fairley's statements are too final; they do not invite a continuing exploration by the spectator.

Herman is a humanist, Lowry a topographer. His figures are not much more than a shorthand for Collective Man, for the urban stream and swirl, though being little and thin and bent, plainly subservient to the asphalt jungle, they have attracted to themselves a degree of pathos. The industrial landscape is inviting to the topographer, though not much used here since the days of Sir Charles Holmes. Its inescapable arrangement of factory rectangles, chimneys and slag heaps, the processions of telegraph poles and pylons, the diagonals and perspectives of wires and railway tracks: here is a vocabulary easily arranged into something at least picturesque. And Lowry, who is both sophisticated and naive by

turns, is too easily satisfied by this kind of skeleton and support, the monotony and inertia of which are relieved only by the activity of his figures. The best pictures in this show (such as Nos. 22 and 23) are those in which he seems to have invented or arranged the least, in which things have not already fallen into an obvious pattern. In such pictures the light and forms of nature seem to have coincided with his own particular conventions. Miss Youngman has found in motives often similar to Lowry's, a pleasant enough lyricism, but it does not often seem sufficiently apposite or true.

Also well represented this month is what we used to call neo-romanticism in those years around the end of the war when such painters as Vaughan, Minton, Ayrton, and Craxton were discovering a point of departure in the landscapes of Sutherland and Piper and in the drawings of Henry Moore. Now that these painters have disclosed very separate identities, it is easier to judge their merits. Ayrton's new pictures (Redfern) are marked by his usual seriousness and concentration, but also, as so often before, by a fundamental lack of pictorial taste. His formalisations lie in an uncomfortable no-man's-land between naturalism and fantasy. His cats or girls or children are only too near to those figurines whose eyes and limbs have been exaggerated for sentimental or cheaply magical effect. The best of his painting is still in his landscapes where he won his first successes.

Vaughan (Leicester) has slowly established himself as the best painter of the group, and if this new exhibition is a slight disappointment as a whole, there are some fine things to be seen. He must be counted with Herman as among our best figure painters and he has moved still further towards that synthesis of the classical Landscape with Figures—Cézanne is his chief guide in this respect—with the romantic interpretation of the male figure which looks back to his

early drawings. Among the landscapes in this show, his 'Village' (No. 35) shows how far he has emancipated himself from those easy references to Sutherland and Palmer which at one time seemed to be holding him back. This is an admirable and original picture.

Besides the artists I have commented upon, Humphrey Spender also is showing at the Leicester Galleries, Bryan Wynter and Michael Rothenstein at the Lefevre, where there are also Sutherland gouaches from various periods, Alicia Boyle at Leger's, Zywn and Peter Todd Mitchell at the Hanover, and at Agnews there is an exhibition of six young painters: David Bevan, Eric Dobson, W. Fairclough, Andrew Forge, Colin Hayes, and Oliver Thomas.

The Phaidon Press have now provided a complete edition of *Michelangelo, Paintings, Sculptures, and Architecture*, with an introduction by Ludwig Goldscheider, for 42s.



'Village', by Keith Vaughan, from the exhibition at the Leicester Galleries





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## Malcolm Muggeridge edits Punch

The tradition that "Punch is not what it was" should be safe in the hands of Malcolm Muggeridge. He has been editor for nine months and the differences are already challenging. As an experienced journalist who has never been burdened with a built-in sense of awe, Muggeridge is well qualified to edit the magazine that Punch sets out to be.

Whether as Manchester Guardian correspondent in Moscow or Daily Telegraph correspondent in Washington, his reporting has been pungent and unorthodox. Among other books, he has written a biography of Samuel Butler, with whom he shares a capacity to see beyond the obvious. Also, he has indulged his passion for contemporary social history by producing a study of that so curious decade, the Thirties. Before coming to Punch he lived with affairs as Deputy Editor of the Daily Telegraph.

In this week's Punch, on page 448, Muggeridge will give "Advice to M.P.s" on the lines of his recent "Advice to Diplomats", which attracted such admiring comment from America's Life magazine.

With Angus Wilson, John Betjeman, Wolf Mankowitz, John Lehmann and William Sansom among its many new writers, Punch laces its humour with satire, and combines searching comment on life today with a judicious nostalgia.

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# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## Performing Flea. By P. G. Wodehouse. Foreword and notes by W. Townsend. Jenkins. 12s. 6d.

VERY FEW PEOPLE heard the broadcasts which P. G. Wodehouse made over the German radio in 1941. But millions leapt to the conclusion that he had broadcast in order to obtain release from the camp in which he had been interned and not a few believed that the money with which he paid his bills at the Hotel Adlon came from Doctor Goebbels and not from his German royalties. Even those who spoke out in his favour admitted that he betrayed appalling political *naïveté* in not realising the political purposes for which the fact of his broadcasting would be used.

The broadcasts themselves were used in the American Intelligence school as models of really skilful anti-Nazi propaganda. But that did not lessen the pro-Nazi (or, more accurately, the anti-Wodehouse) effect on those who had not heard the broadcasts. In reality, they were neither very much one or the other. All Wodehouse thought of was that the Columbia Broadcasting Company wanted his stories of internment and the Germans were foolish enough to allow him to do them. His release from internment was purely a question of his age: the Germans having decided that all enemy aliens under the age of sixty were dangerous and all over that age harmless.

Many people who were angry at the time will revise their opinion on reading *Performing Flea* ('P. G. Wodehouse is English Literature's *Performing Flea*', O'Casey, 1941). They will bless that political aberration, since without it this 'Self-Portrait in Letters' to his old school-friend and fellow-writer W. Townsend would probably not have been published. The letters cover the years 1920-1952. They will delight all who have ever chuckled over Wodehouse (and is there anyone living in this country today who has not?) while to those who have been blind to his brilliant mastery of English prose they will be a revelation.

What an extraordinary character Wodehouse is! 'The impression these letters have left me with', he writes, 'is the rather humbling one that I am a bad case of arrested development. Mentally, I seem not to have progressed a step since I was eighteen. With world convulsions happening every hour on the hour, I appear to be still the rather backward lad I was when we brewed our first cup of tea in our study together, my only concern the outcome of a Rugby football match'. In liberated Paris a thing that riled him was that *The Sunday Times* did not arrive till Monday, so he had to wait another twenty-four hours to find out whether Dulwich had won or lost.

This book makes it quite clear why Wodehouse needed to preserve his curious detachment. The world of his comedy is fantastic and completely artificial; as soon as he tries to obtrude real life people, they stick out like a sore thumb. Enormously industrious and devoted to the perfection of his stylised comedy, he found real life more an encumbrance than an inspiration. Yet when dealing with W. Townsend's work, he is a brilliant analyst of plot-structure and fertile with ideas which he cannot use but his friend might. Every now and again he toyed with the idea of writing under a *nom de plume* in an entirely different vein. There are in these letters passages about the writing of fiction as good in their way as any of Tchekhov's letters to his brother.

Needless to say, the Wodehouse wit flickers across every page, even in his account of his

internment from which this is an extract:

If anybody wants a testing experience, let him travel for three days and three nights on hard wooden seats in a crowded compartment of a train and then turn in for the night on a cold stone floor. In the little brochure which I am preparing, entitled 'Stone Floors I Have Slept On', this one at the White House at Tost will be singled out for special mention. I do not accuse the German Authorities of having deliberately iced it, but the illusion of being a pound of butter in a refrigerator was extraordinarily strong and grew during the night. A philosopher, I suppose, would have consoled himself with the thought that he was not going bad.

## Social Medicine. By S. Leff. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 28s.

This is the first of a new series of books in which current human problems are to be looked at from the broad viewpoint of Human Biology. The editor writes in his preface that medicine is changing very rapidly and 'that medical men and others are becoming less concerned with particular diseases and more interested in health: they are finding it necessary to think of the whole of the individual's environment, and of his personality, in relation to health'. Dr. Leff develops this vision of the medical men of the future, for in spite of the editor's optimistic words it is as yet only a vision. At the present time doctors are far too heavily shackled by their routine work under the new Health Act to be able to think as the editor of this series and the writer of this book would like them to think. That bold and magnificent adventure in social medicine that was once launched at Peckham by a few exceptional medical men came to an untimely end through lack of financial support a few years ago. Yet nobody will deny that the author of this book is right and that the more closely medical men, social workers, public health and local authorities can manage to work together to create an environment in which men and women are more likely to remain healthy the better it will be for all of us.

Dr. Leff reconstructs for us the environment as it was and as it now is from data obtained both from this country and from the United States. He then pictures what this environment might become were we to think more creatively. 'But can we afford to do all this?' the economist in us cries out. We cannot afford *not* to do it is Dr. Leff's laconic reply, and it is possible that he is right. He has a very wide practical knowledge of the various problems he discusses, writes clearly and does not overwhelm his readers with statistics and graphs. His book can be recommended to all who are interested in medicine, sociology and the future.

## The Marshal Duke of Berwick By Sir Charles Petrie. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.

Sir Charles Petrie is well known as the Historian of the Jacobite movement. It is therefore appropriate that he should write a badly-needed life of the illegitimate son of James II and Arabella Churchill, sister of the most eminent of British generals. Berwick, a Duke in the English peerage, was later naturalised a Frenchman, became a Marshal of France and was raised to dukedoms in both France and Spain. Though his military genius was inferior to that of Marlborough, he was one of the two most distinguished soldiers in the service of Louis XIV at the close of his reign. The military part of his career is of

most interest and this is the better, as well as the larger, part of the book now under review. Berwick gained his first knowledge of warfare before he was sixteen, with the Imperial armies at the siege and recapture of Buda from the Turks in 1686. During winter leave in England he was made Colonel of the newly-raised Princess Anne's regiment, now The King's Regiment. After a second campaign in Hungary he was plunged into the wars of the English Revolution and held high commands in Ireland during the disastrous campaigns which finally lost his father his throne; but not before he had played an active part in Sarsfield's heroic but fruitless defence of Limerick. In exile in France he fought under the celebrated Marshal Duke of Luxembourg against his brother-in-law and uncle in the dreary Williamite campaigns in Flanders. In 1695 he married Sarsfield's youthful widow, a daughter of the Earl of Clanricarde.

His knowledge and training in the varied forms of the art of war in the seventeenth century were deepened and informed by experience beyond his years, so that his military career was crowned with the coveted title of Marshal of France, bestowed for his brilliant achievements in Spain during the War of Spanish Succession, which made Philip V's throne secure. These military events Sir Charles describes vividly and at times even provocatively—for instance his comments on the siege of Derry and the Battle of the Boyne will not be wholly acceptable to all Ulster historians, and others will think the sweeping reflections on the War Office and the Toulon expedition unduly prejudiced. Nevertheless he gives valuable accounts, accompanied by critical comment, of Berwick's part in the Jacobite plans for the invasion of England during the reigns of William III and Anne.

On the other hand, 'The Picture of an Age', which is the subsidiary title of the book, is shadowy enough and based for the most part on well-known secondary sources. Lengthy digressions on such topics as the monarchy of Louis XIV, the English Revolution and on the rivalry of Harley and St. John in the later years of Queen Anne, are not very informative and hardly necessary. Berwick is here occulted.

## The Vocabulary of Politics

### By T. B. Weldon. Penguin Books. 2s.

The publishers of the Pelican Philosophy Series here provide us with the promised introduction to political philosophy. Its title might well have been: 'What we think ought to be studied in place of the traditional political philosophy'—'we' in this context meaning those philosophers who claim to have been chiefly influenced by Wittgenstein. These philosophers have talked much (no doubt) but written little on the subject and it remains to be seen how far they will be satisfied with Mr. Weldon's exposition. The book makes many downright claims and offers much patient argument. It will be of great interest to the philosophic reader and to those whose concerns are political rather than philosophical. It is written in intelligible English.

In discussing political questions we may be engaged in any one or more of the following distinct enterprises: (1) The description of institutions and policies and of the way they are worked. (2) The criticism of institutions and policies leading to a judgment upon their relative merits and demerits in some given context. (3) The attempt to construct a deductive proof



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of the absolute value of institutions and policies or their absolute inadmissibility by reference to metaphysical or moral premises taken as self-evident. (4) The attempt to understand clearly the logic of the statements and modes of argument used in (1), (2) and (3) and to resolve the problems and puzzles to which these give rise.

Bentham clearly distinguished (1) and (2) in dividing jurisprudence into 'expositorial' and 'censorial'. There is no doubt about (1): it consists of statements of empirical fact which are tested by the examination of evidence. Mr. Weldon insists that (2), the 'appraisal' of institutions, consists of 'empirical judgments' although of course the truth of these cannot be settled by mere observation. The point of this verdict is that a critical judgment for or against an institution or policy can never be given a deductive proof. Mr. Weldon therefore rejects the whole programme of (3)—the programme of Plato and of all the great political philosophers. As a philosopher, Mr. Weldon confines himself to (4): and his book is described as 'a work of philosophical analysis'. As a political expert, Mr. Weldon confines himself to 'empirical politics'—the judgment of policies and institutions on grounds of experience. He nevertheless invites us to read the political philosophers in order to discover the empirical considerations by which (as he believes) they were really moved. Just so did Jeremy Bentham invite us to look out for the utilitarian considerations which (as he believed) could be found in disguise in the metaphysical works of the great jurists.

This radical renunciation of the *a priori* method was to be expected. What now remains is to make clear the logic of those 'empirical judgments' in politics which now become fundamental. This task Mr. Weldon attempts. What exactly am 'I' doing when I approve (for example) of Proportional Representation in the Gold Coast? Mr. Weldon says that I am not making a statement about what I like: my appraisal (he holds) gives information about the thing appraised, not about myself. Why then do experts disagree? Because 'individuals are sometimes biased, short-sighted, selfish, unintelligent'. But are all disagreements to be ascribed to bias, selfishness, lack of foresight or intelligence? Certainly it is by reference to the facts of the case, as I believe them to be, that I defend my judgments. But surely it can happen that two judges disagree in their judgments although they agree in their description of the facts? Mr. Weldon makes no room for such an 'absolute' disagreement. Presumably it goes the way of all the other absolutes. If it occurs it is surely the characteristic feature 'appraisal.'

The Modern Writer and his World

By G. S. Fraser. Verschoyle. 16s.

Surprisingly enough, much of this book reminds one of Mr. Frank Swinnerton's *The Georgian Literary Scene*. It shows (in spite of a disclaimer at the beginning) the same effort to be comprehensive, and therefore, at its least good, the same catalogue-like quality and the same willingness to juxtapose what has been vital in twentieth-century literature with what has been trivial. It also, like Mr. Swinnerton's book, leavens (or dilutes) what it says about writing with accounts of recent or contemporary politics, society, psychology and the rest. Finally, it shows the same desire—indeed, a greater desire—to do almost more than justice almost all round. Needless to say, there are differences. Mr. Swinnerton's tone inclined to a sort of magisterial flaccidity; Mr. Fraser, though sometimes prolix, is business-like and unassuming. One example of the latter quality is that he modestly tells his readers how this book was first written for

Japanese students: a fact of which perhaps the only prominent trace is a conventional and hardly adequate account (Mr. Fraser is an Aberdonian by origin) of London suburban culture or lack of it. Mr. Fraser has also, of course, moved on from Mr. Swinnerton's point of view. Naturally, he does not say that T. S. Eliot writes a critic's poetry. Yet by an odd coincidence, he does say something rather like this about Mr. Bottrall.

What invokes this unexpected comparison between the two works is that Mr. Fraser has not been doing what one has learnt to expect from him. Parts of this book are quite elementary: they give the broad outline, the 'main drift', of what has happened—'getting a literary scene into perspective', the author calls it. On the whole, Mr. Fraser has done this well, which is what we should expect. He has an excellent discussion of *Ulysses*; he is good on the decline of Sean O'Casey; and his contrasts between Spender and Auden as playwrights, and between the Oxford-trained and the Cambridge-trained poets of the nineteen-thirties, are much to the point. Whether readers will agree that (with the possible exception of Lawrence) Kipling is the best short-story writer in *English* of this century is doubtful. Whether the modern scene can be got in perspective when Katherine Mansfield is only mentioned in a catalogue, and Ford Madox Ford and the Imagist Movement are not mentioned at all, is not even that. But the book which denies the reviewer all such chances to score an easy point is seldom written.

The chapter on poetry is for various reasons much less synoptic than the rest; and Mr. Fraser's detailed analysis of passages from poets of the Auden-Spender school, from Surrealism, and from that trend which is chiefly represented by Dylan Thomas, are extremely illuminating, and make easily the most powerful and telling part of the book. Here Mr. Fraser, sensitively yet vigorously alive to the evocative and equally to the logical aspects of his texts, reverts to what he is by now known to excel at.

But is it fair to give a survey like this, so indulgent all round, and in consequence so non-committal, a title like *The Modern Writer and his World*?—or rather, is it fair for Mr. Fraser to do so? 'When we look back we may feel pride perhaps and also hope': 'the present period, as a recent writer . . . noted, should be one of consolidation'. The point is not just that this title leads readers to expect more than they get. It is that they are led to expect just that considered and searching diagnosis of the current literary and cultural scene which Mr. Fraser could surely write better than most of his contemporaries—a fact of which this very book, with its wide sympathies and its intelligence, tantalisingly reminds one. What questions about the present writer's world require answering need not be reiterated here: indeed, one aspect of the matter is that there may be much frantic hoisting of distress signals on what is only a normal breezy day. But it must be said that in this long book Mr. Fraser stops just at the point where he, at least, ought sooner or later to begin.

Vidocq. By Philip John Stead.

Staples. 12s. 6d.

How many people know the ancestry of the word 'Chauffeur'? It was originally applied, in the time of the Directoire, to the bandits who roasted the feet of their victims. This and many other curious facets of the life of Paris in the early nineteenth century appear in the pages of Vidocq's latest biographer. Vidocq was the first of the great romantic detectives, who became a legend in his lifetime, not only in France but in England (he was the hero of a play produced in London in 1829). He moves in an atmosphere half Beggar's Opera, half Dostoevsky, a master of ruse

and disguise, and dramatic self-advertisement.

As a young man he had been condemned to the convict-galleys for forgery, and he became famous for his repeated escapes. In order to buy immunity from the galleys, he became a police-spy, and was so successful in his pursuit of criminals that in 1812 he was appointed the first *chef de la brigade de la sûreté à la préfecture de police*. It was not till 1828 that he received a formal pardon for his criminal conviction—a year after he resigned his official post. He then founded the first private detective agency, anticipating Pinkerton by twenty years.

To the sophisticated detective-story reader of today, Vidocq's cases will appear rather crude, but Mr. Stead's entertaining and fast-moving story, based on the archives of the Paris Prefecture and the ample contemporary literature on Vidocq, is a contribution to social history.

By the force of his character Vidocq was something more than a policeman. He could establish a curious friendship with the criminals he captured, even when he accompanied them to the chain-gang or the scaffold. He himself had been on both sides of the fence, and he held advanced views about criminal psychology. He tried to found a business which employed only ex-convicts. 'I repeat', he said, 'for I am inwardly convinced of it, that the majority of ex-prisoners can be reformed'. Balzac drew his character, Vautrin, from this powerful and fascinating personality.

The Religion of the Tempasuk Dusuns of North Borneo. By I. H. N. Evans. Cambridge. £3. 3s.

In the far north of Borneo, in river valleys overlooked by the massive granite peak of Kinabalu (13,700 ft.), live the Dusun. Of Dusun origins little is known, but Mr. Evans suggests that they may have migrated to Borneo, in pre-historic times, from Indo-China. Today they are a settled, agricultural people with a typically Indonesian, peasant economy based on the cultivation of wet rice. Though surrounded by Mohammedan peoples, the Dusun are still pagan, and Mr. Evans has assembled a great deal of detailed information concerning their religious beliefs and practices. Mr. Evans first went out to North Borneo, as a Cadet in the Chartered Company's service, in 1910; although he remained for only two years, his interest in the Dusun was aroused, and in 1938, in his retirement, he settled at Kota Belud to devote himself to the study of Dusun religion. During the Japanese invasion all of his notes were destroyed, but, after internment in Kuching, he returned anew to the task he had set himself. To have completed his book in the face of such difficulties is an achievement.

Religion is perhaps the most complex of all the aspects of human behaviour with which the anthropologist has to deal. The whole of the life of a primitive people, like the Dusun, is permeated by magic and ritual so protean and diverse as to defy simple description. Mr. Evans' method has been to divide his book into three sections. In Part I, he discusses general beliefs. The Dusun are a polytheistic people, and an account is given of the high deity, Kinorohingan, of lesser gods and goddesses, and of the numerous spirits that roam the Dusun world to influence its inhabitants for good or ill. In other chapters the rituals associated with different stages of the life cycle are recorded, and descriptions are given of the animistic beliefs of the Dusun, their spirit medium cults, their taboos and systems of augury. Part II is taken up with accounts of various ceremonies. It is the fervent conviction of the Dusun that their rice is animated by a soul, and every stage of their agricultural cycle is accompanied by elaborate rites aimed at protecting and fostering the rice-soul. Of these rites a detailed review is presented. Certain other com-





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## On the Dairy Farm

The Autumn issue of *The Times Agriculture Review*, which describes new farming methods and the latest advances in agricultural research, will be published on October 21, a week before the opening of the London Dairy Show at Olympia. The contents include:—

### CHANGES IN DAIRY FARMERS' COSTS

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by Clyde Higgs

### DAIRY RESEARCH TO-DAY

By Dr. J. A. B. Smith

### MILK PRODUCTION IN GUERNSEY

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munal and personal ceremonies, including those connected with head-hunting, are also discussed. The book concludes with translated versions of some sixty-five Dusun folk-stories.

For those interested in the peoples of south-east Asia and the Indies, Mr. Evans has recorded much valuable information, but by the standards of modern social anthropology his book does fall short of being an adequate account of a primitive religion. Religion and magic must be understood

in terms of what they do, the needs which they satisfy, and the influence which they have on human behaviour. Mr. Evans' book contains whole chapters listing the paraphernalia used in Dusun rituals, but no attempt is made to describe Dusun religion in its social and economic setting, or to analyse its general significance in Dusun life and culture. Thus, Mr. Evans remarks that one of the 'curious features' of Dusun religion is that nearly all the major religious

rites are performed by priestesses, but we are given no hint of why this should be so, nor is there even an introductory sketch of the organisation of Dusun society. Mr. Evans' book is a meticulous compilation of facts about Dusun religion, but his approach is fragmentary; he fails to provide us with an account of Dusun religion as a working, human system, as a 'symbolical product of human desires in a social milieu'.

## New Novels

*The Go-Between.* By L. P. Hartley. Hamish Hamilton. 11s.

*The Story of Esther Costello.* By Nicholas Monsarrat. Cassell. 10s. 6d.

*The Dry Stone.* By Gilbert Phelps. Barker. 12s. 6d.

*The Golden Apples of the Sun.* By Ray Bradbury. Hart-Davis. 10s. 6d.

CONSIDERING how many children there are in the world we should not, I suppose, be surprised at how many of them there are in novels. But it is surprising that so many of them step out of the subsidiary position they normally occupy in life and assume the centre of the stage. They begin to work upon our sympathies and social consciences in Dickens: James' Maisie and the corrupted innocents of *The Turn of the Screw* achieve a more complex and *recherché* kind of success: and in a large department of the contemporary American novel children are the recognised star performers. Their advantages are obvious; the experiences of childhood are both specialised and universal—their limitations provide a framework, and it is one we all know something about. They are superb cameras or tape-recorders; observing adult behaviour that they cannot influence and do not understand. There are pitfalls, of course: Maisie's innocence shows up the grimy conduct of those around her, but itself lacks light and shade: and the child in post-Freudian fiction has the almost impossible task of being polymorphously knowing without realising what it is all about. To do equal justice to ignorance and understanding, infantile and mature experience, is a difficult technical feat. Mr. L. P. Hartley's novel *The Go-Between* is a classic example of its success. The adult story is taut and exciting: the child's part in it rapidly becomes a terrifying one, yet all true to a boy's world, with its lapses into carelessness and day-dreaming between moments of drama. And last, by extremely skilful handling, Mr. Hartley is able to shed cross-lights of grown-up irony—more than one of them—on the whole situation.

A man in his middle sixties finds in a box a diary, for the year 1900, when he was twelve years old. It takes him back to that summer, which he spent staying with a school-friend in Norfolk. Here he becomes involved in a grown-up emotional drama—his role is indicated by the title—which ends in tragedy. These events have a profound effect on his own later development, and he almost succeeds in repressing the whole memory. The diary brings it to the surface, and he goes through the old experience again, mostly by re-living it as the child he was, so that we see the twelve-year-old's world at close quarters; partly by reflecting on it from the viewpoint of fifty years later. Yet the old man's viewpoint is not in itself wisdom, for his whole nature has been warped by this childish trauma: and very subtly the author allows a truth to shape itself which none of his characters is quite capable of perceiving. The detail is extremely rich—often beautiful and often comic: and the realisation of the period is as acute as that of boyhood: both are perfectly recaptured.

I do not know of any other living writer who can combine so many kinds of vision with such subtlety—and without sacrifice of a tense and absorbing plot.

*The Go-Between* might have been a painful book, but it is not. The unhappiness is absorbed in the imaginative beauty of the conception. This does not happen with Mr. Nicholas Monsarrat's second novel, *The Story of Esther Costello*, which is one of the most unpleasant tales I have ever read. It is the story of an Irish girl, left blind, deaf and dumb by an explosion. She is taken to the States, on a chance charitable impulse, by an American woman. Hopes of a cure are disappointed: but Mrs. Bannister, her protector, finds means to communicate with her by touch. What began as true charity develops into the false kind, and Esther's pitiful case is publicised into a money-making racket. Under pressure from a scoundrel husband Mrs. Bannister is forced to exploit the girl shamelessly: and, just when the business is riding sky-high, Esther, as the result of an attempted rape, recovers her faculties. Of course this has to be concealed; and the ensuing series of ghastly deceptions ends in Esther's death. The story is extremely well told. Tension and suspense are strongly built up—not by the style, which is impersonal and rather undistinguished—but by sheer power of realising incidents and scenes. The pity of Esther's situation is also powerfully conveyed: she is capable of so little action or expression that we can hardly feel for her as a person, though we are cleverly made to realise that she is one. The motives of those surrounding her (they vary from mixed to bad) are also most convincing.

Yet I am left puzzled. The author tells us in a note that the story is not an aspersion on anything or anybody. The tone of very skilful reporting in which the tale is told does not encourage us to find in it any wider implications. It is rather like a careful documentary film of a number of persons kicking a cat: with the additional knowledge that it isn't really documentary but has been staged. I can admire the accomplishment of the narrative, but remain in the dark about the motive.

Mr. Gilbert Phelps' motives are much clearer. *The Dry Stone* is a first novel, and a good deal of it is probably interpretation of his own experience. So many first novels nowadays are very accomplished performances, that it seems ungracious to say that this is not one of them. It is rather awkward and rather slow-moving; but the discerning will forgive this on account of its obvious sincerity, especially in the earlier part of the book. The account of a provincial childhood is a careful and honest piece of work: though it could have been even better with a little more selection and less determination to tell

everything. The hero's misadventures as a young writer are less convincing. As usual, the genre-painting is much better than the problems of the young intellectual. Literature about the literary world is often a thin and implausible affair. But in the earlier chapters Mr. Phelps, with few airs and graces, is making a genuine effort to see life in these islands as (alas) it is, without over-writing or sentimentality: and it is in this direction that one hopes his explorations will continue.

I have not read any science-fiction since Jules Verne. *La silence éternelle de ces espaces infinis m'ennuie*; I have never taken to rockets and space men; and I therefore began Mr. Bradbury's *The Golden Apples of the Sun* with foreboding—in spite of the well-documented appreciation of his two earlier books. But I am convinced. Not converted: because it isn't really science-fiction at all. Mr. Bradbury is a fantasist, who takes the stuff of modern folk-lore—inter-planetary travel, time machines and all that—and makes a variety of small objects of it—strange, beautiful, witty or critical. Some of the magic is just the old unscientific kind—witches and invisibility—and some of the stories are not supernatural. Mr. Bradbury writes with great charm, sometimes with a strange dream-like beauty. I suspect that his gifts are wholly traditional, though he chooses to exercise them on odd material. His characters are observed with warmth and kindness, and their movements are described in full, rather old-fashioned rhythms:

They let the wind blow them where it would; they let the wind take them through the night of summer apple trees and the night of warm preparation, over the lovely town . . . They blew as leaves must blow before the threat of a fire wind, with warning whispers and summer lightning crackling among the folded hills. They saw the milk-dust country where not so long ago they had drifted in moonlit helicopters in great whorls of sound spiralling down to touch beside cool night streams with the young men who were now gone.

The suave repetitions and the falling close of these lines contrast oddly with the fact that the two young women described do their courting in helicopters and are on their way to meet their lovers in Mars. The effect is both queer and attractive. Some of the stories are sociological parables—on the proliferation of mechanical noise-making instruments, on the atrophy of such functions as walking or looking at anything except photographic screens; as well as more sinister tendencies. Some of this is more specially relevant to the United States: the morals we have mostly heard before, but they are always on the side of life and humanity; and the ingenious charm of the style gives this much needed counsel a new point.

GRAHAM HOUGH



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

#### Sublime and Ridiculous

BUS CONDUCTOR, in my hearing, a few mornings ago: 'Ain't deaf, I 'ope, lady? Threepence-ha'penny, I said. Ought to seen that deaf an' dumb chap they 'ad on the old tele. last night. Marv'lous what they've done for 'im. Marv'lous what 'e does for 'imself. Ta very much. Q'.

It was encouraging to discover that 'the old tele.' is helping to perfect human sympathies, especially as one often has a sense of guilt about one's own contribution, as a critic, to that desired end. It was possible, also, to feel some unease at the exhibition, yet again, of that desperately unfortunate young man, Joe Hatton, of St. Helens, who is totally deaf and blind and almost dumb. In him we see the uncanny spectacle of a self having fewer variants than most of us. His plight is so greatly in excess of that of the ordinarily handicapped person that it seemed toweringly out of scale in a programme called simply 'Helping the Deaf'. It may not have been altogether fair to the others present, whose personal experiences Jeanne Heal so movingly brought before us. Once again she demonstrated her 'practised insight into the glooms and gaieties of the afflicted and her superiority in establishing in this kind of programme the indispensable bond between viewers and the viewed. The history of Joe Hatton's ability to communicate, uniquely, with his fellow men is a triumph of the self-sacrificing patience, over fourteen years, of a St. Helens lady, now dead, who might have been mentioned and was not, whose photograph might have been shown to us in tribute and was not. The programme can hardly have failed as a count-your-blessings reminder. I continue to question the propriety of making a national figure of Joe Hatton, while admiring the devotion of those who have helped to restore him to society.



'Helping the Deaf' on October 5: Jeanne Heal interviewing Wally Thomas, who is blind and deaf, on a Braille typewriter. On the left is the Rev. R. G. Young, who acted as interpreter

After the sublimities of 'Helping the Deaf' it rasps to write about the banalities of 'Teleclub', the new series for adolescents (up to the age of twenty-one only). As an attempt to grapple with the attention of the most restless section of the populace it seemed to me inept.



Toni Lander and Pierre Lacotte in 'Ballet for Beginners' on October 5

Conforming to the bolder planning which some of us think necessary if television is to be truly significant, it had an hour in which to unfold its theme and declare its potential. With up-raised testifying hand I swear that it ministered to the restlessness of the under-twenties in whose company I saw the programme. They thought it dull and sterile, a harsh opinion redeemed for me only by the amiable competence of Benny Lee and the unalloyed candyfloss eagerness of his girl assistant, who used her smile as if determined to make a television impression whether the programme flopped or not. The newspaper office sequences were ridiculous, perhaps unconsciously symbolising the ancient hostility between Fleet Street and the B.B.C.

Whether television can reasonably hope to attract a regular youth audience worth playing to is a matter for argument, not here. That this 'Teleclub' programme was a pointer to success in that endeavour I seriously doubt. I suggest that it would render its best service if, without going in for moral earnestness, it showed the new generations how to pass the time more creatively than by watching television.

'Ballet for Beginners' brought Felicity Gray into our ken again with her clear-voiced charm unimpaired for a new season of enlightenment and demonstration. Presumably she faces a considerably enlarged audience for these always attractive programmes. Connoisseurs of the ballet do not like them. They think that the arcana should not be unveiled, that there is an evaporation of the sacred essence when the television glare is switched on to the secret places of the ballet dancer's life. If some of the preciosity of the ballet cult goes with it the loss may be gainfully redressed. The enhanced depth of the stage for the new series gives the production more importance. I did not think that the content of this introductory programme was wholly worthy of it.

The subject of 'The Floor is Yours' programme was topically important: crime and punishment. Seeming as delighted by his own logic as a cherubic newcomer to the Oxford Union, Quintin Hogg, otherwise Lord Hailsham, proved himself a fully house-trained television performer, whose sincerity of heart is not less effective than his agility of mind. Yet again, as was recently said here, time was the enemy, implacable and unfair. And I continue to object, only more strongly, to the priming of the panel with prepared comments on viewers' letters. Spontaneity is not in itself a powerful virtue, but this kind of programme cannot safely exist without it.

From 'The Horse of the Year' show at Haringay the cameras spun a panorama as nobly impressive as the Parthenon frieze, with magnificent studies of horsemanship at its international best. It was television at its best too. And, though it is not in my critical province, on Sunday night there was the pleasure of hearing the beautiful Schumann piano concerto in A minor. Ta very much, Christian Simpson. Q.

REGINALD POUND

### DRAMA

#### Dis-concerting

'DO TELL ME', said a gushing lady to a horny-handed tiger of the keyboard, 'what is it you see before your eyes when you play that divine concerto?' 'The notes, dammit madam, if I can', replied the great man. The anecdote is discouraging for the romantically-minded who go toiling through swamps of the imagination every time Sibelius is played, scale castles with Bruckner, quaff mead with Holst, and generally respond to sound with Visions. They are, I suspect, the majority; but they do not represent at all what professional musicians visualise when they hear music. There is, again, a super-professional section of executants, say trombonists, whose visions are coloured by the amount of wind they are going to need, and the amount of beer it may be safe to imbibe before or 'during'. And there are simply those of us who see not peacocks, lawns, knights in armour, or thumping great ballerinas skimming the waves, but simply vague generic images of such instruments which we can distinguish.

These images (I speak for myself) are disembodied; I do not, that is to say, with the exception of the soloist if I know him or her by sight, 'put a face' to the players of the oboe or the big drum; though I could do so perhaps if I thought longer. The big drummer would





Scene from 'Full House', by Ivor Novello, on October 11. Left to right: Billy Thatcher as John Rodney, Diana Graves as Lola Leadenhall, Avis Scott as Lady April Hannington, Bryan Coleman as Archie Leadenhall, and Joyce Carey as Fynne Rodney



'The Lass wi' the Muckle Mou' on October 6. Left to right: Mairhi Russell as Meg Murray, James Cairncross as Thomas the Rhymer, Betty Henderson as Lady Grizel Murray, Brown Derby as Wattie, Rex Garner as Willie Scott, Finlay Currie as Sir Gideon Murray, and Hugh Munro as Jack

look like a cross between sergeant-major Terry-Thomas and a brewer's drayman. The oboist would have arched eyebrows, receding hair and chin, and mild myopia. If the facts contradicted me, as facts usually do, and I found that the big drum was in fact welted by a refined Scots-woman in her fifties, and that the oboe was tooted by a Neanderthal type with a handlebar moustache, I should feel that it had been a pity to disturb my illusions, and close my eyes again, or return them to the score (one of the few things they do not try to show us during a televised concert).

These reflections are set going by the interesting article by Christian Simpson in *Radio Times*, and by his production of a performance of the Schumann Concerto on Sunday night, which was not a bad performance though not in any way an exceptional one and which was not at all an irritating telecast of the rummy-tum in progress. I am sure it had been planned with infinite care. Mr. Simpson is so clearly alive to the dangers as well as the possible advantages of actually taking a peep at the mechanics of the musical magic, that I found myself engaged in a twofold effort of criticism (like a chameleon which, they say, bursts with rage if it is forced to change colour too many times too fast). No rage swelled in me; when Mr. Simpson took the kind of peep at the piano that I should have been quite interested to take myself I nodded and said 'Yes, this man is not only a genius; he has tact as well. It was very interesting to see what the pianist did with the fingering at that moment'. But there were other times where one had to skip rather too fast; in the *andantino grazioso*, it was nice to kneel to the right of Miss Laretei's knees and squint up at the keyboard from below; less nice to have to take flying leaps to sit on her left shoulder for the next phrase; most disconcerting of all to keep glancing nervously at other temporarily important players.

Not that they were ill-looking; on the contrary, the standard of looks was high, as musicians go, but it is impossible to see the clarinet being played close without seeing also the expression on the player's face. This may, or may not, enhance the phrase he is playing. Soloists, many of them, pull faces deliberately: cellists, for example, often turn away from their instruments like a finicky hostess dismayed by a tin of overripe sardines. Raised eyebrows and

foreheads puckered in romantic anguish are all part of the show. But one likes to see them, so to say, in one's own time. And what if Mr. Simpson makes us look too long or too often?

Gratifying though my progress in getting to know the concerto in question, I found after a time I was being bombarded by too many personalities other than Schumann's. Yet I admit, what do people go to concerts for if it is not to see as well as hear? On the whole, then, I applaud the experiment; it is delightful in the wilderness of dull items to find anything so civilised as a piano concerto. But I am not wholly persuaded that large periods of *blank screen*, with sound only, as if it were a politician speaking, would not be preferable to movement for movement's sake.

The plays, dominated by the repeat of Dennis Vance's production of 'The Public Prosecutor', good old stuff, have ranged from Aldwych-type farce by Vernon Sylvaine, a concentrated, potted version of a piece which must now be doing

enormous business, to a play for children about Columbus wherein some but not all of the beards, and much if not most of the dialogue, were highly authentic. Jewel and Warriss disarmed criticism by announcing their show as fourth-rate in advance (it was nothing like so bad as that); Murdoch and Horne were genuinely witty and gay in 'Free and Easy', a delightful half-hour, and an elderly Ivor Novello piece, 'Full House', written for the late Lilian Braithwaite, made a touchingly reminiscent, as well as a good, vehicle for her daughter, Joyce Carey, in whom the mother's timing and intonations lived again. This was no great thing: in me it waked a rather sad chord from the 'thirties and depression, when Mayfair ostriches were playing at 'night clubs' and there were police raids and one had to 'buzz off to Bow Street, old bean'. Miss Carey was suitably scatter-brained. Diana Graves was entirely convincing as the actress actress; and among many other players one noted Billy Thatcher and Jessie Evans.

These revelations about darkest Mayfair must have been a solid comfort to those in regions north of the Humber who have always guessed that Londoners were daft.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

## Sound Broadcasting

### DRAMA

#### Blood and Thunder

SOUND RADIO cannot let us see Hieronimo (of 'The Spanish Tragedy') tearing out his tongue; and, mercifully, there is no appropriate sound effect. It is all the happier for Thomas Kyd—just as, in a later play, 'Tis Pity She's a Whore', John Ford's final *coup de théâtre*, the entrance of Giovanni with Annabella's heart spitted upon his dagger, chills us more when we do not view it. Ford would have been astonished. So, also, would Kyd, who liked horrors to accumulate. 'The Spanish Tragedy' has just been produced on the Third. I have seen it acted, and with some effect. But it was better to hear it only; the blood-and-thunder was in the verse and the imagination. Once more, sound radio proved, for the receptive mind, to be the right medium for one of the fiercer rarities. Martyn C. Webster—a good name for the job—



Kabi Laretei in Schumann's Piano Concerto in A minor, which she played with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Clarence Raybould, in the television programme of October 11



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tackled the famous shocker with a lively vigour and an ear for pastiche ('I like it not, this noose about my neck' is, I believe, neo-Websterian); most of his cast went into battle with enthusiasm; and listeners set themselves to see what it was in the play, father of the late-Tudor revenge tragedies, that so fired the young Marlowe and Shakespeare.

Kyd could tell a story, and he liked the sound of his rumbling verse. When Hieronimo says, 'To present a kingly troop withal, Give me a stately-written tragedy', he uses the very tones of his creator. Cecil Truncer spoke the lines with relish: always we can count upon him for gusto. The words may be sage or trite; he may be in a club smoking-room or tearing out his tongue in Spain. We can rely upon him. Hieronimo contrives matters very cunningly in Kyd's play-within-a-play; Mr. Truncer proves to be the best of stage managers. Some of the night's speaking—probably in a search for speed—was hit-or-miss; but several players thrust deeply into Kyd's verse: Barbara Couper's Isabella, for example, with one magnificent scream (did we not lose her death scene?); Peter Copley and Carleton Hobbs, in sinister partnership as Revenge and the Ghost of Andrea; John Wyse in a few speeches for the Portuguese Ambassador. Mr. Webster packed the tragedy into two hours, disposing of some of the rant and such word-play as Hieronimo's 'cord' and 'chords', but offering a wealth of rhetoric. I regretted one cut. Although we had the knocking at the door, Mr. Webster promptly jumped a few famous pages. It was a pity that he let go the Painter and the scene that Shakespeare must have known well. Still, he kept most of Kyd's blood-and-thunder effects, and we did not miss Pedrignano's pistol (for which the dramatist has the agreeable stage direction, 'Shoots the dag').

To a modern ear that sounds a possible line for the Goons. These light fantasies are back—by permission of the Dartmoor Parole Board, they say disarmingly—to shatter the air with the noises of 'The Goon Show' (Home). Inevitably, we expect more sounds than sense from this programme. I can say at once that I have never known Nelson's Column to crash more persuasively into the garden of 10 Downing Street. (Someone was aiming very well.) Meanwhile there was much rapid and not always relevant dialogue, some of it about as comic as, say, a recording of Falstaff's buck-basket scenes played in Urdu during a tempest, and a little of it suddenly (and for no reason at all) genuinely amusing. The Goons are unpredictable: it is their special quality. We cannot imagine what will happen to them as they roar through their half-hour in a tumult of train noises, smashing glass, and high explosive.

It would have taken them to present credibly the explosion at Lympe that ended the second part of 'The First Men in the Moon' (Light). What we heard was mild for a noise of which Wells' narrator wrote, 'My ears were smitten with a clap of thunder that left me deaf on one side for life'. The rest of the instalment had run pleasantly; we shall be glad when Mr. Truncer's Cavor reaches the moon. Dialogue here is fluent, which is more than we can say of those lengths of toiling verbiage in the Tudor capering of 'The Sword and the Rose' (a repetition of a Light Programme serial based on the Disney film).

A last paragraph is short measure for the excitements of Clemence Dane's 'Remember Nelson' (Home), in which Frank Duncan was superbly the fiery soul of Trafalgar. But the entire piece, with its personified ships and the intricate handling of its battle-pieces, does honour to Miss Dane and to sound radio. Here is the best kind of blood and thunder.

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Back to School

AUTUMN BRINGS WITH IT not only for schools and universities but also for the B.B.C. the beginning of a new academic year. For the critic of the spoken word the warning symptom of this arduous turn of events is the unobtrusive infiltration of various series into the programmes set out each week in *Radio Times*. By Christmas, it now appears, we Third Programme addicts will have been made thoroughly conversant with 'Latin America Past and Present', while Home Service listeners who would like to like good music will, or rather may, under the lively tuition of Antony Hopkins, be able to do so a month hence. At the same time they may, by listening to 'The Critic's Tasks', equip themselves to face without their previous intolerance the esoteric remarks passed by art critics or music critics on some of the bamboozling material with which they are faced nowadays.

But here a word of warning is necessary. Those who hope to appreciate the arts simply by listening to the critics will be disappointed. The most this will do for them is to enable them to figure as highbrows in lowbrow company. To qualify as a full-blown connoisseur they must acquaint themselves also with the music, painting, sculpture, and so on with which the critic is concerned. The first talk of this series, on 'The Literary Critic', was given last week by D. W. Harding, and he made the point quite clear by declaring at the outset that it was no part of the literary critic's duty to save people the trouble of reading books. On the contrary one of his tasks is to spur them to read and appreciate for themselves.

In another critical series in the Home Service Vernon Bartlett chooses nothing less than the whole world for his theme. His title is 'The World and Ourselves' and he discusses our relations with other countries and world events in general. He has the happy knack of packing into ten minutes more matter than many broadcasters can get into half an hour; yet the listener has no feeling that he is being hustled or crammed with facts and theories. Each talk is lucid, succinct, and enjoyable besides.

Last week's 'Science Survey' was on Chemurgy, an awkward and forbidding word made as a label for the scientific use of the waste materials of replaceable products, namely the products of the soil. As an instance of this wastage the speaker, Dennis Nahum, mentioned that in an annual consumption of 16,000,000 tons of corn-cobs in the U.S.A. 65,000,000 tons of stalks and leaves are needlessly wasted. His picture of the rapid shrinkage of irreplaceable products such as copper, lead, iron, and coal, alarming though it might seem, roused in me a wild hope that the internal combustion engine might soon become extinct: but was he not reckoning, I asked myself, without the still untapped mineral wealth of South America of which Dr. G. J. Butland spoke in his excellent talk 'The Land and its Physical Potentialities', the second in the series on Latin America?

'Town Forum' is no new upstart series, nor is 'Frankly Speaking', which has now reached its eleventh instalment. Last week 'Town Forum', its team this time being the Rt. Hon. Hugh Gaitskill, the Hon. Hugh Fraser, Dr. J. Bronowski, and Mr. F. C. Hooper, and its chairman, as usual, Denis Morris, turned up at the Palais des Beaux Arts in Brussels, where a bumper Belgian audience fired a number of searching questions at it. They were well calculated to provoke lively discussion, the audience was audibly interested and alert, and the team responded energetically. In fact, it was a highly enjoyable international occasion. 'Frankly Speaking' is, when you come to think of it, a 'Town Forum' in miniature, the town being

the three questioners and the team the distinguished visitor, this time Walt Disney. But there, alas, the resemblance ends, for 'lively' and 'alert' are singularly inappropriate adjectives for this slow, hesitant, unkempt half-hour which torments the sympathetic listener with an exasperating anxiety for all concerned. Mr. Disney emerged, it is true, as a cheerful and very likeable person, but not one who can come to the rescue at a moment's notice and carry the show on his shoulders in a spate of brilliant improvised talk. Such a gift in any case is extremely rare and would be too much to expect of one who is already a brilliant artist. And for the three questioners it must be said that the unrehearsed broadcast interview is one of the most difficult programmes in which to achieve even a tolerable 'success'.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## MUSIC

### Old News from Leeds

AN ARTICLE in last week's *Radio Times* enumerated the outstanding novelties which have been produced at the Leeds Triennial Festival during its existence of nearly 100 years—among them Stanford's 'Stabat Mater', Vaughan Williams' 'A Sea Symphony', Elgar's 'Falstaff' and Walton's 'Belshazzar's Feast'. In the programmes on which we distant listeners were privileged to eavesdrop, there were no such manifestations of current creative work. The only novelties at the Festival were a song-cycle composed by Mr. Britten for Mr. Pears and a short choral work by Phyllis Tate which was sung at one of the morning concerts. I hope we shall have an opportunity of hearing these works before long.

In place of the brand-new, Leeds gave us the choral music of a generation ago—Stravinsky's 'Oedipus Rex' and Janáček's 'Glagolitic Mass' of the 1920s, and the earlier 'Mass of Life' by Delius and Elgar's 'Apostles' (which was not broadcast). Stravinsky's opera-oratorio provided an opportunity for the Colne Valley Male Voice Choir to distinguish itself. For, like the tradition of commissioning major works, that of forming an *ad hoc* Festival Chorus has been abandoned in favour of engaging various permanent Yorkshire choirs. This is probably a sensible economy, since the works can be apportioned between the several choirs and rehearsed in their home-towns.

The performance of Stravinsky's work was certainly most impressive, and made evident its validity as a recreation of a classic in modern terms. It is as authentic as were Monteverdi's 'Orfeo' and Gluck's 'Alceste' in their own day. What is so astonishing is the powerful emotional effect generated by the more-than-life-size and completely static figures created by the stark harmony and the hieratic style of the music, which would seem to rule out such an effect. Perhaps it is just because the composer has denied himself any of the usual means of human expressiveness, that the emotional impact is so tremendous.

Mr. Pears has never done anything better than his performance as Oedipus. His hard, incisive tone, his clear diction, and his sure musicianship combined to build up a dramatic figure of heroic stature. Here, indeed, was proud Oedipus. There might, perhaps, have been more pathos at the moment when Oedipus' eyes are at last opened and he goes to put out their light. But Stravinsky here gives the singer little elbow-room; the effect must be created by the colouring of a single phrase, '*Lux facta est!*'

Jocasta has the finest individual aria in the work and Hélène Bouvier sang it finely, though, I thought, with insufficient scorn in her voice when she was pouring contempt upon the oracles. Bruce Dargavel sang the music of Creon and the Messenger with splendid tone and



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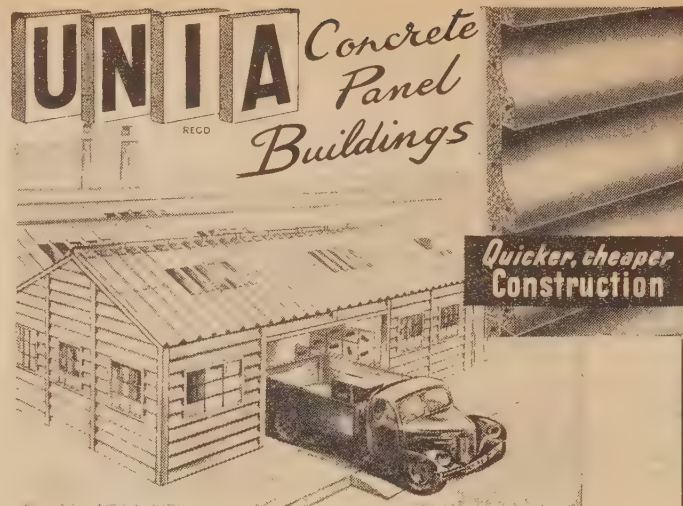
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dramatic declamation, making a thrilling effect at that high point of the drama when, after the trumpet fanfares, he announced Jocasta's death and led in the great choral movement which was magnificently sung.

The 'Mass of Life', sung with sturdy tone and rather too little imagination by the Huddersfield Choral Society, was to be heard only on the North Regional, and was subject to a good deal of interference before it reached me. But I could make out that the great Nocturne was beautifully done, and that, on the other hand, there was not enough lift in the dance-choruses to make their la-la-ings move with suppleness. Delius was incapable of expressing this kind of ecstasy as

Holst did in 'The Hymn of Jesus'. As reception deteriorated, I turned over to the Third Programme to hear a rather pretentious work about the signs of the zodiac by Jean Absil and a very charming and poetical short one by the late Fartein Valen.

If 'Oedipus' brings Greek tragedy down to us, Janáček's Mass takes us back to the Romanesque. If this is liturgical music, it has assimilated something from the pagan rites which the Church had lately supplanted. Its gaiety and its grotesques seem to correspond with the fantasies carved on the capitals at St. Aignan and Vézelay, or in our own country beneath the corbel-table at Kilpeck. One would have expected

Byzantine influences, but here there is certainly none of the classical restraint and austere grandeur of the churches at Ravenna. The performance given by the Bradford Festival Choral Society and Yorkshire Orchestra with a distinguished quartet of soloists seemed only an approximation—which is as much as one can hope for in music so alien in idiom.

On Saturday I heard what must be the worst performance of Vaughan Williams' 'Job' on record. I have had many occasions to praise Rudolf Schwarz and the Birmingham Orchestra in the past; so I must not flinch from giving them a bad mark on this occasion.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## Alexander Balus

By JULIAN HERBAGE

Handel's oratorio will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 8.40 p.m. on Monday, October 19, and at 6.0 p.m. on Tuesday, October 20

IN 1747 Handel made an important decision regarding his oratorio performances. From that year onwards, as Streatfield has written, he 'abandoned subscription performances and threw his theatre open to all comers. This change of policy brought its own reward. Finding that his aristocratic patrons had failed him, Handel turned to the great middle class, who became his ardent supporters and brought him new fame and fortune'. Handel also turned to a new librettist for his oratorios, and it was Dr. Thomas Morell who had the honour of providing the composer with all his oratorio books from 'Judas Maccabaeus' to 'Jephtha'.

Sir Newman Flower has described Morell as 'a worthy person given to writing execrable poetry', and other Handel biographers have been equally generous in Morell's dispraise. In actual fact Morell was an excellent Greek scholar, an amateur musician with a great love for the organ, and a genial conversationalist who had as his neighbours at Turnham Green such celebrities as Garrick, Hogarth, and Thomson. 'A warm friend and a cheerful companion', it has been written of him, 'who loved a jest, told a good story, and sang a good song'. He certainly had need to be easy-going to work for a composer of 'an haughty disposition' who had 'but an imperfect acquaintance with the English language'. Even if, like many mid-eighteenth-century poets, he was a somewhat platitudinous versifier, he was at least largely responsible for creating the type of oratorio libretto that was to remain in favour for a century.

Almost invariably Morell turned for his oratorio plots to the Old Testament or Apocrypha, and particularly to those stories of military conquest, intrigue, and jealousy that bore resemblance to the stock situations in Metastasian opera. The chorus was employed, as in Greek drama, to comment on the action, generally with those pious sentiments which would gain the approval of the middle-class audience to whom Handel was now addressing his art. There would be love scenes, pastoral scenes, battle scenes, and scenes of religious ceremony, while the happy ending was provided, even if inappropriately, with a 'Hallelujah, Amen'. Morell, in fact, devised his oratorio libretti as a Lenten entertainment that would take the place of the Italian opera, and judged on this standard he must be admitted to have been successful.

In this manner 'Alexander Balus', the second collaboration between Handel and Morell, came into being. The First Book of Maccabees, which had provided Morell with the highly successful 'Judas Maccabaeus', also contained the story of Alexander of Syria, who, having conquered and

slain the reigning Demetrius with the aid of Jonathan, Chief of the Jews, marries Cleopatra, daughter of Ptolomee (*sic*) of Egypt. Ptolomee, however, designs to unite both kingdoms, and feels that he has more chance of controlling the young Demetrius than the conquering Alexander. Here we have the basic operatic ingredients of military conquest, intrigue, and jealousy, while the character of Jonathan, together with the Chorus of Jews, can interpolate the necessary pious sentiments and the inevitable 'Hallelujah, Amen'. Variety is provided by the contrasting choruses of 'Asiates' and Jews, the latter, as usual, having the monopoly of contrapuntal device and the former of colourful orchestration.

The opening chorus, 'Flush'd with Conquest', is, like all Handel's pagan choruses, homophonic in texture, and its scoring for oboes and bassoons, joined by trumpets and horns, admirably suggests the Asiatic atmosphere. One feels, indeed, that it was this element in the plot that must first have attracted Handel to the libretto. Then, as usual, each of the principal *dramatis personae* is stamped with his individual character. Jonathan with the noble 'Great author of this harmony', Ptolomee with the rather too genial 'Thrice happy the monarch', Cleopatra in 'Hark, he strikes the golden lyre' (scored for two flutes in dialogue with two solo cellos, harp and mandoline), and Alexander's 'Fair virtue shall charm me' (based on the lovely 'D'amor fù consiglio' from the early 'La Resurrezione'), which displays the Syrian conqueror as the successful lover rather than the soldier. The music of Cleopatra's confidante, Aspasia, is, as it should be, charmingly light in character. And so the five principal characters are delineated in their introductory airs. To complete the portrait of Alexander he is given an *aria di bravura*, also taken from 'La Resurrezione', and Jonathan ends the first act with the impressive song and chorus 'Great God, from whom all blessings spring', reminiscent of the chorus 'Shall we of servitude complain' in 'Esther'.

Faced with a slightly thin plot, Morell has attempted to pad out his Second Act with a sycophantic courtier who attempts to cast suspicion on the good faith of Jonathan. This gives occasion for the famous 'Calumny' chorus, a close relation of the 'Envy' chorus in 'Saul'. Built on a twenty-bar ground bass, its most impressive moment comes at the words 'in darkness ever lie', when the chorus sustain a chord of the dominant while the bass continues its wandering figure—a naive but successful piece of word-painting. Cleopatra then indulges in forebodings, Ptolomee discloses his evil plans, and Jonathan sings of the Hymenean joys that will

unite Alexander and Cleopatra. It all promises effective entertainment, but neither Morell nor Handel seems often to rise above the commonplace and conventional.

The Third Act begins with a symphony that suggests the tragic end to the story, and thus poignantly emphasises the happy contentment of Cleopatra's 'Here amid the shady woods'. Her happiness is abruptly shattered by the entry of the ruffians who are to abduct her. Morell's text deals with this incident in three lines.

*Ruffians:* Mistaken Queen, the Gods and Ptolomee  
Have otherwise ordain'd. You must with us.

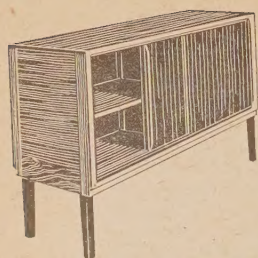
*Cleopatra:* Help, help, O Isis! Alexander, help!

One would have expected Handel to set these words as a dramatic accompanied recitative; their actual setting is strangely prophetic of Gilbert and Sullivan. It is an unexpected piece of bathos, but amends are later made by the two beautiful airs allotted to Cleopatra when she hears of the death, first of her husband Alexander and then of her father Ptolomee. No two airs of sorrow could be more beautiful and contrasted than 'O take me from this hateful light' and 'Convey me to some peaceful shore'. On this note the oratorio might well have ended, but the eighteenth-century burgesses had to be given their fill of pious sentiment from Jonathan. 'Mysterious are thy ways, O Providence', he begins, and his 'obsequious heart' eventually exalts Jehovah's praise. The chorus echo him in four-part harmony, adding a perfunctory 'Hallelujah, Amen' that is remarkable only for being in a minor key.

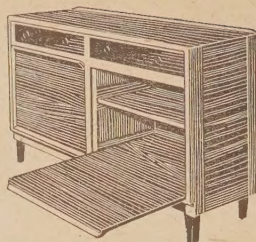
'Alexander Balus' contains some of Handel's most beautiful music. Its opening pages have a wealth of orchestral colour that he never surpassed, and Cleopatra can be ranked among his most charming and sympathetic heroines. Alexander is something of a stock figure, and it is perhaps significant that his two best airs are borrowed from another work. Ptolomee, with his double-dealing and political gangsterism, should have made an interesting villain, but neither Morell nor Handel has given him much character, while Jonathan is not so much a character as a pious ingredient.

But even allowing for such weaknesses, the oratorio has been strangely neglected. Handel gave it three times in its first season and then revived it for only two performances six years later. Posterity seems to have endorsed the composer's opinion of its lack of popularity. Yet this verdict surely takes no account of the more inspired pages of 'Alexander Balus', which have an atmosphere and individuality entirely their own.

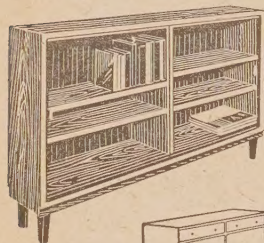




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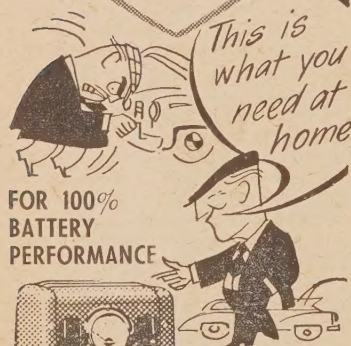
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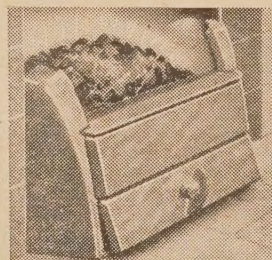
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For the Housewife

# Keeping the House Warm

By W. P. MATTHEW

THE method of preventing water pipes from freezing is the same as for preventing yourself from freezing—a warm overcoat. All water pipes, especially in exposed positions, such as those in the loft and those by the side of a window or ventilator, should be wrapped up. In the loft, where they are not seen, you can use strips of old blanket, bits of old carpet, old clothes, even corrugated cardboard or newspaper. Or there is special lagging felt to be bought in rolls; and for places where the covering will be seen there are fabricated pipe sections to fit all sizes of pipes. Some of these are covered with smooth, white American cloth so that they can be wiped clean now and again with a damp cloth.

Another vulnerable point is the water storage-tank up in the loft space. This ought to be boxed in, using timber, plywood, or even building paper, with a thickness of about three inches of some insulating material between the tank and the casing. The insulating material can be sawdust, crumpled-up newspaper, or old rags, but I think it is worth spending a little money on the proper stuff—slag wool, or the very efficient loose-fill materials. All these things can be bought or ordered from the local builders' merchant.

Now let us go on to consider keeping the warmth in. The principle is exactly the same as putting a cosy on a tea-pot. If you wrap up the hot-water pipes and the hot-water storage-tank in the airing cupboard you save about seventy-five per cent. of heat loss, and you will save hundredweights of coal a year. The water in the tank and the pipes will be hotter and will hold the heat longer. You can get specially made sectional jackets for all sizes of tanks and cylinders, and they are very easy to put on and practically everlasting.

Another very easy job to do, and a very worthwhile one, is to put a 'cosy' over the whole of the house. You do this by insulating the roof-space in the loft. There are all sorts of sheet materials to be had which are simply laid over the joists up there, and there are, too, loose-fill materials which are emptied out of a sack to a depth of about one inch between the joists. A tremendous amount of rising warm air escapes into the roof space and is wasted, and if by insulation you can keep this warm air inside the house proper the whole house will be warmer. Another point: the advantages of this 'over-all cosy' are not confined to the winter—the house will be cooler in summer, too. The cost of doing this job will not exceed £7 or £8 for

the ordinary modern semi-detached house, and I would say that you would save this in fuel bills over the first four or five years.

—Home Service

## Notes on Contributors

GIORGIO BORSA (page 619): on the staff of the 'Istituto per gli Studi di Politica Internazionale, Milan

COMMANDER ANTHONY COURTNEY, O.B.E. (page 621): served with the British Naval Mission in Russia during the last war

LORD BRAND (page 631): banker and director of *The Times*; served under Lord Milner, Lord Selborne, and General Botha in South Africa 1902-1909

BASIL DAVIDSON (page 633): on the editorial staff of *The New Statesman and Nation*

JAMES JOLL (page 635): lecturer in Modern History, Oxford University

D. W. HARDING (page 637): Professor of Psychology, Bedford College, London University since 1945; editor of *British Journal of Psychology* (General Section) since 1948

In last week's 'Notes on Contributors' Michael Ayrlton should have been described as illustrator of *The Unfortunate Traveller*, *Summers Last Will and Testament*, etc.

## Crossword No. 1,224. Word-Squares—VIII. By Tracer

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, October 22

The diagram provides for nine word-squares, four of four-letter words, four of five-letter words, and one of six-letter words. One corner of each of the five-letter word-squares overlaps one corner of the six-letter word-square, and so one letter of each five-letter word-square is also a letter of the six-

letter word-square. All the word-squares are of the usual kind, i.e., sets of 'words so chosen that when they are written under each other the letters read downwards in columns give the same words, e.g., rat, ado, too'.

### HINTS

Hints (for solvers who like to have them) are: (a) the five, four, or six letters are all alike in each of the nine N.E.-S.W. diagonals ending at 13, 11, 15, 25, 29, 27, 40, 41, 42, but not the same as each other in all the diagonals; (b) the nine letters of the diagonals, in the order given in (a), form a word that suggests a parallel case; (c) it is possible to obtain from the four corner letters of the six-letter word-square a word that suggests a first principle; (d) the letters of the N.W.-S.E. diagonal of the six-letter word-square, plus the N.E. and S.W. corner letters of the same word-square, can be arranged to form two four-letter words suggesting that trees advise; (e) the letters of the N.W.-S.E. diagonals of the four-letter word-squares can be arranged as I WOULD SPEAK ON YET; (f) the letters of the N.W.-S.E. diagonals of the five-letter word-squares can be arranged as MAD GHOST DROPS ME LEVEL.

### CLUES

The clues are directed to horizontal words only, but apply of course to the corresponding vertical words also. Each word is clued by a number, which is the sum of the positional numbers of its letters in the alphabet (A = 1, ..., Z = 26: ABBA would be 6, and YUNX 84). The serial numbers of the clues are the numbers at the left-hand end of the respective words in the diagram.

### FOUR-LETTER WORD-SQUARES

(2) 47. (5) 73. (8) 25. (11) 56. (16) 35. (19) 27. (22) 56. (25) 33. (18) 44. (21) 42. (24) 19. (27) 41. (32) 50. (35) 44. (38) 57. (41) 62.

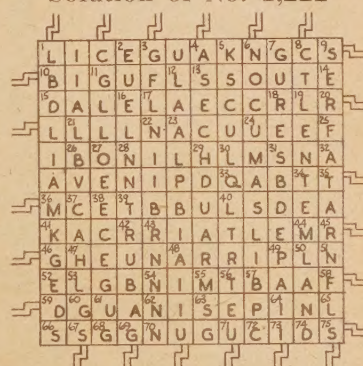
### FIVE-LETTER WORD-SQUARES

(1) 61. (4) 83. (7) 63. (10) 74. (13) 58. (3) 47. (6) 73. (9) 80. (12) 64. (15) 67. (28) 53. (31) 41. (34) 48. (37) 62. (40) 32. (30) 74. (33) 74. (36) 86. (39) 68. (42) 77.

### SIX-LETTER WORD-SQUARE

(14) 22. (17) 63. (20) 60. (23) 70. (26) 65. (29) 81.

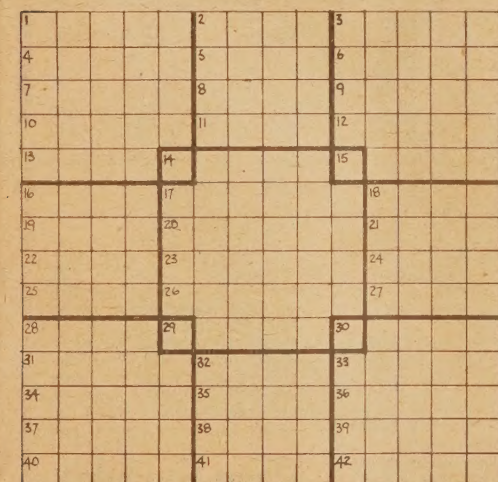
## Solution of No. 1,222



### NOTES

The puzzle is based on *Gulliver's Travels* (the spelling taken from John Hayward's Nonesuch Edition of Swift). The words used are listed here in the order of their appearance in the legend and clues: Lilliputians, Laputa, Lemuel Gulliver, lucid, hallo, begin, neck, Quibus Flestrin, Redresal, Trameckan, Bg-Endian, Galibet, Biefuseu, safe, fleet, using cable, Glumdalclitch, ascent, Laputa, Bainibarbi, Tribnia, anagram, live, Struldbrugges, Lugn-agg, egg, Lustrog, Snipall, stamp, Flunec, sunbeam, cucumber.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: N. Alun-Williams (London, S.W.6); 2nd prize: Miss F. Killingley (West Kirby); 3rd prize: L. S. Harris (Mill Hill)



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